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THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

IV.

A Manyema Chief.

Fred Barker, according to Frank Pocock, had good health till the middle of April; after which he began to experience aguish fits. On the 23rd, he complained of feeling ill, and lay down, and soon the poor young man was dead. I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services. When ill, my least wish was immediately gratified; he understood the least motion or sign. But Frank had other bad news to tell. Mabruki Speke, the faithful servant of Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, one of the most trusted men of my present following, was dead, and four others.

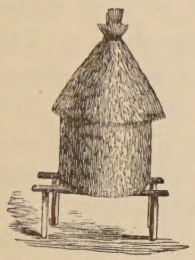
Our return to Kagehyi was followed by Sabbath repose and rest, fairly earned and much needed. I found I weighed only 115 pounds, just 63 pounds less than when leaving Zanzibar. I owed this excessive reduction of flesh to scant fare and days of hunger, not to sickness. Sweet were those first days of rest! Frank was eager to hear all that had befallen us in our thousand miles' sail round the lake, and the Wangwana formed circles many deep, to hear the Iliad of our woes. What hearty sym-

pathizers those poor, black, untutored men were! Kaduma was all amazement. Then came sickness. The African fever, having found my frame weakened from privations, attacked me vigorously, and reduced me seven pounds in weight. But I quininized myself thoroughly from dawn of day to set of sun, and on the fifth day stepped out, sallow, pale, weak, and trembling, it is true, with jaundiced eyes, palpitating heart, and ringing ears—but the fever had been conquered.

My duty urged me to proceed to Uganda. Lake Albert must be visited, for I had given my word of honour that I would attempt it. Yet the land route was impassable, and to all appearance so also was the lake route. On the 29th, after providing myself with presents such as might win any African's goodwill—fine rugs, blankets, crimson cloth, and striped cloths of Kutch and Muscat, besides beads of a rare quality, and other things too numerous to mention, equal to about eight hundred dollars' worth—I started for Msossi. When I arrived, the king, a handsome, open-faced, light-coloured young man of twenty-six years old, merely gazed his fill. No business could be commenced on this day. On the second day, with the greatest possible suavity, I proposed that he should either sell or lend me thirty canoes. All his objections were met and over-ruled by the exhibition of my presents. But when he saw me thus publicly expose the gorgeous cloths in broad daylight, he trembled, and bade me cover them up quickly, saying that he would visit me in my hut at night, and that I might rest assured he would do his best for me. On the evening of the 4th of June, he stole into my hut at night, in company with his faithful premier and four principal chiefs, and here I presented him with two fine rugs, one Scotch plaid, two red blankets, ornaments of copper, thirty fine cloths, fifty fundo of beads, and two coils of brass wire, besides various other things, such as dishes, plates, tin pots, etc. His chiefs received five cloths each and five fundo (a fundo consists of ten necklaces) of beads, and two fathoms each of brass wire. Said he, "I am going to give you twenty-three canoes and their paddles. Good-bye. I have said all."

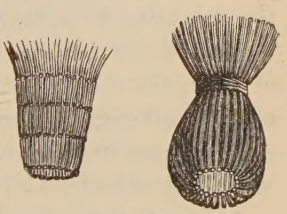
Meanwhile I had despatched messengers to all the districts around to summon the people to a grain market, whereat all grain brought to Kagehyi would be purchased. By the 19th of June, twelve thousand pounds of grain, millet, and Indian corn,

and five hundred pounds of rice, had been purchased and stowed in cloth sacks, each containing about one hundred pounds. At early dawn we began the embarkation of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, with one hundred loads of cloth, beads, and wire, eighty-eight sacks of grain, and thirty cases of amunition; and as I could not delegate to others the care of the flotilla without feeling uncontrollable anxiety about it, the *Lady Alice*, loaded with most of the ammunition, led the way at 9 a.m. to Mabibi.



Storage for Grain.

At length intense darkness set in. We could not see one another, though we could hear the measured, rhythmic beat and splash of oar and paddle, but no voices. Now and then I flashed a waxlight over the dark waste as a beacon to the thoughtless and unwary. By this means, and by threats of punishment to those who strayed from the line, the canoes were kept together. We had proceeded quietly for three hours in the darkness, when suddenly shrill cries were heard for "the boat." Hurrying to the spot, I managed to distinguish, to my astonishment, round dark objects floating on the water, which we found to be the heads of men who were swimming towards us from a foundering canoe. We took the frightened people on board, and picked up four bales of cloth, but a box of ammunition and four hundred pounds of grain had sunk. We moved forward again, but had scarcely gone half a mile when again piercing cries from the deep gloom startled us. "The boat, oh, the boat!" was screamed in frenzied accents. As we steered for the spot, I lit a wax taper and set fire to the leaves of a book I had been reading during the afternon, to lighten up the scene. Heads of struggling men, and bales, were seen here likewise in the water, and a canoe turned bottom up with a large rent in its side; and while distributing these among the other canoes, we heard to our alarm that five guns had sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost or other property, except four sacks of grain.



Fish Nets.

Native Stool.

My boat was now up to her gunwale with twenty-two men

and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, she would, unless we lightened her of property, inevitably sink. Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men, that if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return to save them. I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: "Master, the canoe is sinking! Quick, come here. Oh, master, we cannot swim!" Again I hurried up to the cries, and distinguished two men paddling vigorously, while five were baling. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: "The boat! Bring the boat here! Oh, hurry—the boat, the boat!" Then another broke out, "And we are sinking—the water is up to our knees. Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!"

It was evident that a panic was raging amongst the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly: "You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return." We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of land, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous cries were heard far behind: "Master, oh, master! bring your boat—the boat!"

"Hark to them, my boys—hark," I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the *Lady Alice* to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. "Pull my men; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts. Pull like heroes." She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate effort, spurred her with their oars. "Hurrah, my boys, here is our island! pull and defy the black water—your brothers are drowning!"

We reached land—shot the goods out, lightened her of the wrecked men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface. Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing

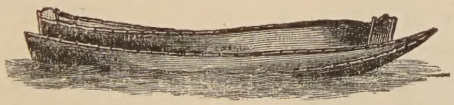
by us to the islets. The lake was calm, and the moon shone clear and strong, casting a golden light upon the waters.

"You are brave fellows; pull, my sons; think of those poor men in the lake in sinking canoes." The crew almost cracked their hearts in the mighty efforts they made; their quick-swaying figures, the deep sighs which burst from their breasts, the careering boat, the excited helmsman, everything sympathized with me. I seized one of the oars myself to relieve a lad, and to assist the force which now dashed the boat over the water. She seemed instinct with life.

We now heard the cries for aid, "Oh, the boat! Master, bring the boat!" came once more pealing over the golden lake from the foundering canoes.

"Do you hear, men? break the oars—lift the boat over the water. We will save them yet. It is to-night or never!"

With fresh force she bounded onward. Every fibre of our straining bodies, and the full strength of our energies were



Native Canoe.

roused, and in five minutes we ran alongside first one canoe, then a second and a third—until again the boat was down in the water to within an inch of her gunwale. But all the people, men, women, and children, were saved. The light material of which the canoes were constructed had sufficed to float the loads that were in them.

We rested until help should arrive, and presently Uledi's and Shumari's canoes were seen advancing side by side, with lines of pale foam flashing from each bow, as they were driven with the force of strong men towards us. With loud, glad cries they stopped their furious career alongside, and the first words they uttered were, "Are all safe?" "Yes, all," we replied. "El hamd-ul'illah!" ("Thanks be to God!"), they answered fervently. Our loss during this fearful night was five canoes, five guns, one case of ammunition, and twelve hundred pounds of grain.

On the 6th July I re-embarked all the people, animals, and effects of the Expedition from Refuge Island.

The king of Bumbireh, having obstructed with violence and bloodshed the passage of the Expedition, Stanley seized him as a hostage. He goes on in his narrative as follows :—

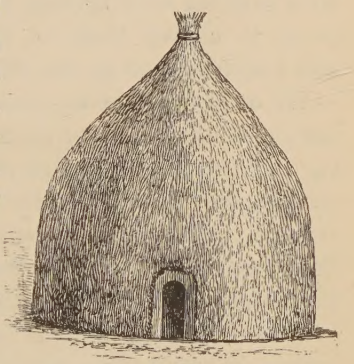
My purpose in possessing myself of the person of the king and his two chiefs may easily be divined. It must have been perceived that over-gentleness and want of firmness had proved harmful on several previous occasions. A hundred times afterwards did I see that the savage only respects force, power, boldness, and decision; and that he is totally ignorant of the principles which govern the conduct of Christian man to man. Forbearance is to him cowardice; mildness, patience, and an equable temper are, in his undeveloped and unreasoning mind, only evidences of effeminacy. But the exercise of power without magnanimity is simply brutality, and has only a transient effect. If, therefore, I could only show the king of Bumbireh and his people that the first white man that they had seen was extremely gentle in his manner until aroused, but, though strong and powerful when angered, was magnanimous afterwards, I should, I felt, leave a lasting good effect on their minds.

WARRIOR OF UKEREWE—WITH ARMLETS AND ANKLETS.

Those were days which required caution, for the first false or weak step would have ensured the destruction of the Expedition, the members of which I was bound by every principle of honour to protect and defend to the best of my ability. They had pledged themselves to me only upon the condition that I should secure their safety, and they looked to me to watch and guard their lives with paternal care. In my opinion, considering all

the circumstances, I could not have better avoided trouble than —while the savages were actively preparing and offensively boasting—by acting as I did.

Including the crews of the canoes, and the natives, I had now a force of four hundred and seventy men. There was no fear of the issue of an attack on the island now, but a fear of famine remained. About sunset a single canoe, powerfully manned, dashed up opposite our camp, and one man stood up with spear and shield, and delivered a stout defiance, after which the canoe as hastily departed. It was apparent that our departure for Uganda would be hotly contested, but of the result their could be but one opinion. The number of canoes would be probably a hundred, which, with a crew of ten men in each, would amount to a thousand, against which number I could offer seventy guns, and about three hundred and fifty effective spearmen of Uganda.



Native Thatched House.

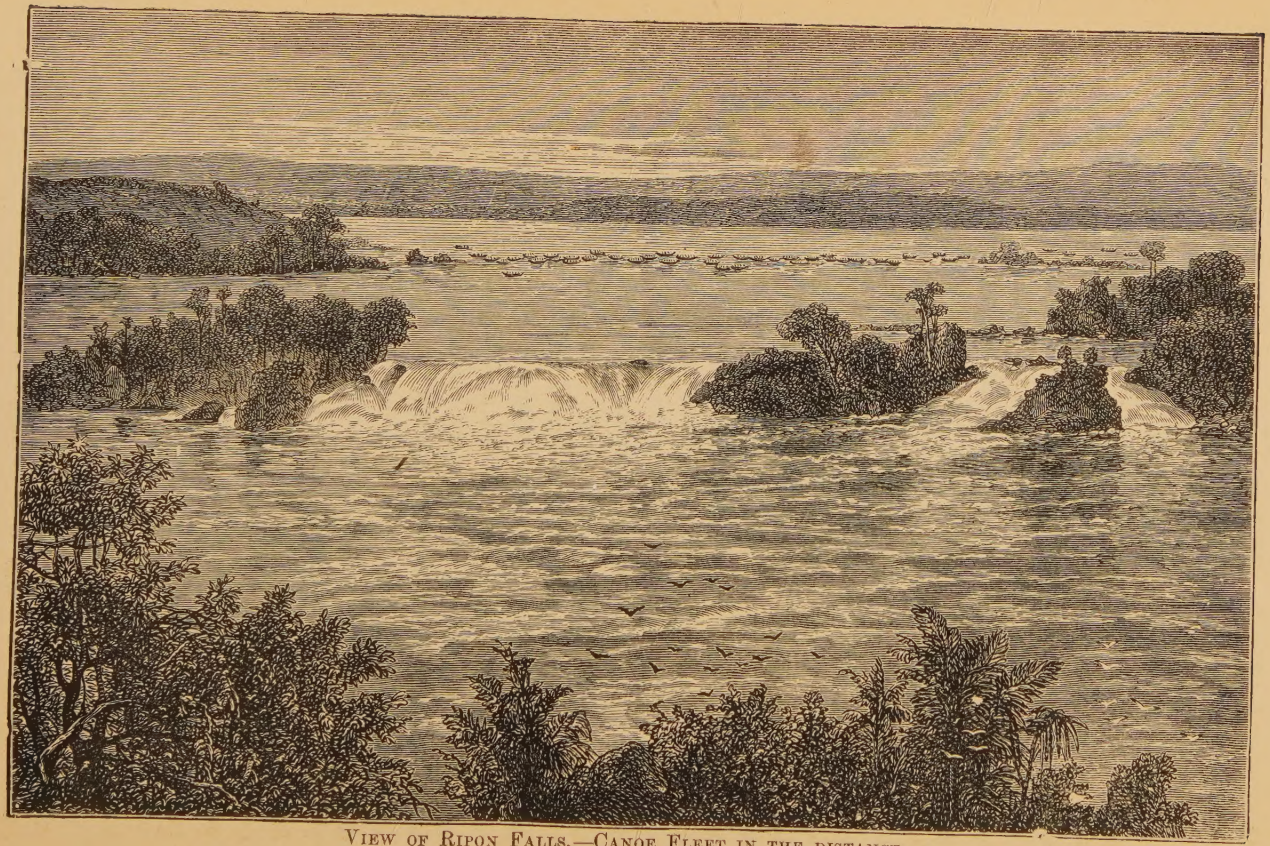
Alone with myself, I began to discuss seriously the strict line of duty. If it were a military Expedition that I commanded, duty would have pointed out the obvious course to follow; but it was an Expedition organized solely for the purposes of exploration, with a view to search out new avenues of commerce to the mutual advantage of civilization and such strange lands as we found suitable for commercial and missionary enterprise. But whatever its character, its members possessed the privilege of self-defence, and might justly adopt any measures, after due deliberation, for self-protection. The principles of right and justice every educated Christian professes to understand, and may be credited with a desire to observe, but in addition to these, it was desirable in a person in my position —knowing how frequently it is necessary to exercise them in barbarous lands—to remember charity and forbearance, in order to ensure the objects in view, and to create good impressions for the benefit of those who might succeed the pioneer.

The Expedition was now ready to move towards Uganda, but the waterway had first to be opened; whatever plot was on

hand must be frustrated, and treachery punished; otherwise impunity would inspire an audacity which might be dangerous to our safety. There lay the vital, absolute, and imperative necessity of meeting the savages lest they should meet us. For they were by this time reinforced by about two thousand auxiliaries from the mainland. As I could not see any way to avoid the conflict, I resolved to meet them on their own island, and by one decisive stroke break this overweening savage spirit. Accordingly next morning a couple of ammunition boxes were opened, and twenty rounds distributed to each man who bore a rifle or musket; two hundred and thirty spearmen and fifty musketeers were detailed for a fighting party, and eighteen canoes were prepared to convey them to Bumbireh. The force was mustered, and I addressed it to this effect:—"My friends and Wangwana, —We must have the sea clear. Whatever mischief these people have meditated must be found out by us, and be prevented. I am about to go and punish them for the treacherous murder of our friends. I shall not destroy them, therefore none of you are to land unless we find their canoes, which we must break up. We must fight till they or we give in, for it can only be decided in this manner. While in the fight, you will do exactly as I tell you, for I shall be able to judge whether their fierce spirit is broken, or whether we will have to fight on land."

As the distance to Bumbireh was about eight miles, we did not arrive until about 2 p.m. before the former island. It was evident that the savages had expected us, for the heights of the hilly ridge were crowded with large masses, and every point was manned with watchmen. It was clear that the main force of the natives was ready in the shadows of the grove. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat, and to steer exactly as I did. We made a feint of entering into the cove, but when near the point, seeing that we were hidden by the lofty hill from the observation of those in the grove and of the look-outs, we swerved to the left, and, clinging to the land, pulled vigorously until we came to a cape, after rounding which we came in view of a fine and noble bay to our right.

By this manœuvre the enemy was revealed in all his strength. The savages, imagining we were about to effect a landing hurried from their coverts, between two thousand and three thousand in number. Arrived within one hundred yards of the land, we



VIEW OF RIPON FALLS.—CANOE FLEET IN THE DISTANCE.

anchored in line, the stone anchors being dropped from midships that the broadsides might front the shore. I told Lukanjah of Ukerewé to ask the men of Bumbireh if they would make peace, whether we should be friends, or whether we should fight.

"Nangu, nangu, nangu!" ("No, no, no!") they answered loudly, while they flourished spears and shields. "We will do nothing but fight."—"You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"Huh," incredulously. "Come on; we are ready."

Further parley was useless; so each man having taken aim was directed to fire into a group of fifty or thereabouts. The savages, perceiving the disastrous effect of our fire on a compact body, scattered, and came bounding down to the water's edge, some of the boldest advancing until they were hip-deep in water; others, more cautious, sought the shelter of the cane-grass, whence they discharged many sheaves of arrows, all of which fell short of us. The savages gallantly held the water-line for an hour. Perceiving that their spirit was abating, we drew the canoes together, and made a feint, as though we were about to make a precipitate landing, which caused them to rush forward by hundreds with their spears on the launch. The canoes were then suddenly halted, and a volley was fired into the spearmen, which quite crushed their courage, causing them to retreat up the hill far away from the scene. Our work of chastisement was complete.

Having thus shown sufficient boldness in meeting the enemy and demonstrated our ability for the encounter, it was now clear that the passage of the channel, with the women and children and property of the Expedition, might be performed without danger. Accordingly, on the 5th August, at early dawn, we began the embarkation. The fourteen Kiganda canoes were large, with ample storage room, and all the goods, ammunition, and asses, and all the timid, men, women, children, and Wanyamwezi, were placed in these. Our twenty-three smaller canoes proved sufficient to transport the remainder, consisting of the more active members of the party, who were directed, in the event of trouble, to range on either side.

At the tap of the drum, without which no party of Waganda march, and a cheery blast from Hamadi's bugle, the thirty-seven canoes and boat, containing six hundred and eighty-five souls, departed from our island cove towards Bumbireh. We coasted

along the much indented shores of the savage island, and on the 12th August reached Dumo, in Uganda.

At Dumo rumour and gossip were busy about a war and a mighty preparation which Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda, was making for an expedition against the Wavuma. He had not been as yet actually engaged, it was said, though it was expected he would be shortly. In the hope, then, of finding him at his capital, I resolved to be speedy in reaching him, so that, without much delay, I might be able to return and prosecute my journey to Lake Albert. Arriving next day at the Ripon Falls, two messengers came up breathless from the imperial camp—which I could see covering many miles of ground—with yet an additional welcome, and pointed out on the opposite side Mtesa and his chiefs, most picturesque in their white dresses and red caps, with a large concourse of attendants. Crossing the channel amid the noise and bustle of many thousands, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the vast army that Mtesa had collected from all parts of his empire.

The next day at the usual levee hour of Mtesa—8 a.m.—the drums announced the levee as begun, and half an hour later the pages came to conduct me to the presence of Mtesa. As I advanced, Mtesa arose, and came to the edge of the leopard-rug on which his feet rested while seated, and there was even greater warmth in this greeting than on the former occasion. Mtesa was then informed of the purpose of my coming, which was to obtain the guides he had promised me on my first visit, to show me the road ; and I begged he would furnish them without much delay. Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who insolently refused to pay their tribute ; that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the *Kabaka* was engaged in war, but that the war would soon be over, when, if I would wait, he would send a chief with an army to conduct me to the Albert Nyanza.

After this intelligence I saw that I had either to renounce the project of exploring the Albert, or to wait patiently until the war was over, and then make up by forced marches for lost time. But being again assured that the war would not last long, I resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and to take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its

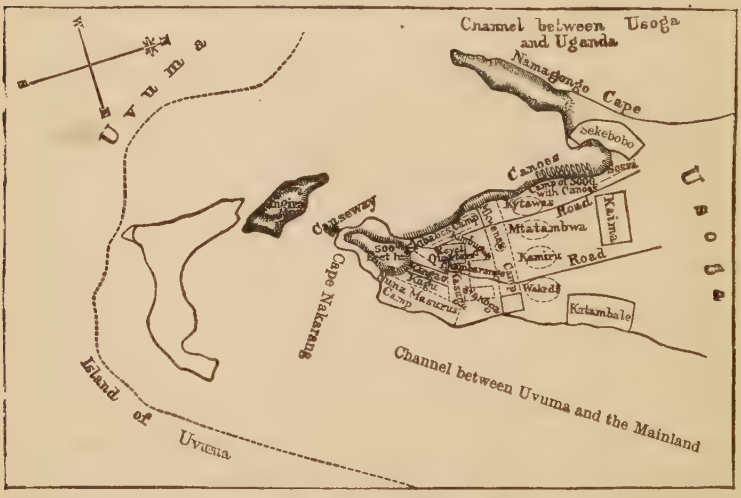
people. On the 27th August, Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within seven hundred yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an army numbering 150,000 warriors. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which at Mtesa's command had contributed their quotas, I estimated the number of souls in Mtesa's camp to be about 250,000. The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp.

First came a chief with 30,000 warriors and camp-followers. Next came the musket-armed body-guard of the Emperor, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession. Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue check cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and his face dyed a bright red. After Mtesa had passed by, chief after chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. The vast multitude, rolled by steadily, in wave after wave, a living tide of warriors.

Four days afterwards, or on the 1st September, the army of Mtesa occupied Nakaranga, where it commenced to construct its camp, each chief surrounded by the men of his own command in the position assigned him. By sunset the army was comfortably housed in some 30,000 dome-like huts, above which here and there rose a few of a conical shape and taller than the rest, showing the temporary residences of the various chiefs.

Amid all the hurry and bustle the white stranger "Stamlee" was not forgotten. Commodious quarters were erected and allotted to him and his boat's crew, by express orders from Mtesa. Anxious to see what chances Mtesa possessed of victory over his rebellious subjects, I proceeded along the road over the mountain to a position which commanded a clear view of Ingira Island, whither the rebels had betaken themselves, their families, and a few herds of cattle. Considered as being in possession of some twenty thousand savages, whose only weapons of war were the spear and the sling, Ingira Island presented no very formid-

able obstacle to a power such as the Emperor of Uganda had amassed on this cape, only seven hundred yards from it. The people of the entire coast had voluntarily enlisted in the cause of Uvuma, and had despatched over one hundred and fifty large canoes, fully manned, to the war. The confederates, in arranging their plan of action, had chosen Ingira Island as the rendezvous of the united fleets of canoes. Mtesa's plan was to capture this island, and to cross over from Ingira to the next, and then to Uvuma, when, of course, only immediate and complete submission would save them; and I rejoiced that I was present, for I was in hopes that at such a period my influence might be suffi-



MAP SHOWING MTESA'S CAMP.

cient to avert the horrors that generally attend victory in Africa. Though I had no reason to love the Wavuma, and for the time was a warm ally of Mtesa, I was resolved that no massacre of the submissive should take place while I was present.

The Uganda war fleet numbered three hundred and twenty-five large and small canoes. These canoes for the assault would be crammed with fighting men, the largest class carrying from sixty to one hundred men exclusive of their crews; so that the actual fact is that Mtesa can float a force of from 16,000 to 20,000 on Lake Victoria for purposes of war.

On the third morning Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that the chief Sekebobo was about to start, and I hastened up to the beach to witness the sight. I found that almost all the Waganda were animated with the same curiosity, for the beach

was lined for three or four miles with dense masses of people, almost all clad in the national brown, dark-cloth robes. The Wavuma meanwhile kept their eyes on Sekebobo, and from the summit of their mountain island discerned what was about to be done; and to frustrate this, if possible, or at least to gather booty, they hastily manned one hundred canoes or thereabouts, and darted out like so many crocodiles.

A hundred canoes against three hundred and twenty-five was rather an unequal contest, and so the Wavuma thought, for as the fleet of Mtesa approached in a compact, tolerably well-arranged mass, the Wavuma opened their line to right and left, and permitted their foe to pass them. The Waganda, encouraged by this sign, began to cheer, but scarcely had the first sounds of self-gratulation escaped them when the Wavuma paddles were seen to strike the water with foam, and, lo! into the midst of the mass from either flank the gallant islanders dashed, sending dismay and consternation into the whole Uganda army.

A pause of two or three days without incident followed the arrival of Sekebobo's legion and Mtesa's fleet. Then Mtesa sent for me, and was pleased to impart some of his ideas on the probable issue of the war to me, in something like the following words:—"Stamlee, I want your advice. All white men are very clever, and appear to know everything. I want to know from you what you think I may expect from this war. Shall I have victory or not? It is my opinion we must be clever, and make headwork to take this island."

Smiling at his naïve, candid manner, I replied that it would require a prophet to be able to foretell the issue of the war, and that I was far from being a prophet; that headwork, were it the best in the world, could not take the Island unassisted by valour.

He then said, "I know that the Waganda will not fight well on the water; they are not accustomed to it. They are always victorious on land, but when they go in canoes, they are afraid of being upset; and most of the warriors come from the interior, and do not know how to swim. The Wavuma are very expert in the water and swim like fish. If we could devise some means to take the Waganda over to the island without risking them in the canoes, I should be sure of victory."

I replied, "You have men, women, and children here in this camp as numerous as grass. Command every soul able to walk to take up a stone and cast into the water, and you will make a

great difference in its depth; but if each person carries fifty stones a day, in a few days you can walk on dry land to Ingira."

Mtesa at this slapped his thighs in approval, and very soon the face of the mountain was covered with about 40,000 warriors toiling at the work of making a causeway to Ingira Island.

For two days the work was carried on in the way I had described, namely, with rocks, and then Mtesa thought that filling the passage with trees would be a speedier method, and the Katekiro was so instructed. For three days the Waganda were at work felling trees, and a whole forest was levelled and carried to Nakaranga Point, where they were lashed to one another with bark rope, and sunk. On the morning of the fifth day Mtesa came down to the point to view the causeway, and was glad to see that we were nearer by 130 yards to Ingira Island. About 100 men out of 150,000 were seen lounging idly on the causeway and that was all, for the novelty of the idea had now worn off.

Nothing more was heard of the bridge, for Mtesa had conceived a new idea, which was, to be instructed in the sciences of Europe. I was to be a scientific encyclopædia to him. Not wishing to deny him, I tried, during the afternoon of the day, to expound the secrets of nature and the works of Providence, the wonders of the heavens, the air and the earth. We gossipped about the nature of rocks and metals, and their many appliances, which the cunning of the Europeans had invented to manufacture the innumerable variety of things for which they are renowned. The dread despot sat with wide-dilated eyes and an all-devouring attention, and, in deference to his own excitable feelings, his chiefs affected to be as interested as himself, though I have no doubt several ancients thought the whole affair decidedly tedious, and the white man a "bore." The more polite and courtly vied with each other in expressing open-mouthed and large-eyed interest in this encyclopædic talk. I drifted from mechanics to divinity, for my purpose in this respect was not changed. During my extemporized lectures, I happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and to my great astonishment the patricians of Uganda chorused, "Ah-ah-ah!" as if they had heard an exceedingly good thing. Having appeared so learned all the afternoon, I dared not condescend to inquire what all this wild joy meant, but prudently waited until the exciting cries and slapping of thighs were ended.

The boisterous period over, Mtesa said, "Stamlee, I have

always told my chiefs that the white men know everything, and now, Stamlee, tell me what you know of the angels."

Verily the question was a difficult one. I attempted to give as vivid a description of what angels are generally believed to be like, and as Michael Angelo and Gustave Doré have laboured to illustrate them, and with the aid of Ezekiel's and Milton's descriptions I believe I succeeded in satisfying and astonishing the king and his court; and in order to show him that I had authority for what I said, I sent to my camp for the Bible, and translated to him what Ezekiel and St. John said of angels. The Emperor cast covetous eyes on the Bible and my Church of England Prayer Book, and perceiving his wish, I introduced to him a boy named Dallington, a pupil of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, who could translate the Bible for him, and otherwise communicate to him what I wished to say.

Henceforth, during the intervals of leisure that the war gave us, we were to be seen—the king, court, Dallington, and I—engaged in the translation of an abstract of the Holy Scriptures. There were readers enough of these translations, but Mtesa himself was an assiduous and earnest student. Having abundance of writing paper with me, I made a large book for him, into which the translations were fairly copied by a writer called Idi. When completed, Mtesa possessed an abridged Protestant Bible embracing all the principal events from the creation to the Crucifixion of Christ. St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life.

When the abridged Bible was completed, Mtesa called all his chiefs together, as well as the officers of his guard, and when all were assembled he began to state that when he succeeded his father he was a heathen, and delighted in shedding blood because he knew no better; but that when an Arab trader, who was also a Mwalim (priest), taught him the creed of Islam, he had renounced the example of his fathers, and executions became less frequent, and no man could say, since that day, that he had seen Mtesa drunk with pombé. Now, God be thanked, a white man, "Stamlee," has come with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar, and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed, besides it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses

wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. Now I want you to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses), or in Mohammed?

Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is the best."

Mtesa smiled and said, "True, I want that which is the best, and I want the true book. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God.' I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here and he would take no slaves, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the words of God Himself, and of Moses, and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind, they all replied, "We will take the white man's book;" and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face. In this manner Mtesa renounced Islamism, and professed himself a convert to the Christian Faith, and he now announced his determination to adhere to his new religion, to build a church, and to do all in his power to promote the propagation of Christian sentiments among his people, and to conform to the best of his ability to the holy precepts contained in the Bible.

I, on the other hand, proud of my convert, with whom I had diligently laboured during three months, promised that, since Dallington wished it, I would release him from my service, that he might assist to confirm him in his new faith, that he might read the Bible for him, and perform the service of a Bible reader until the good people of Europe should send a priest to baptize him and teach him the duties of the Christian religion.

"Stamlee," said Mtesa to me, as we parted, nearly two months after, "say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

GOING UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE ASCENT of Mount Washington, the monarch of the White Mountain range, is one of the notable events in a lifetime. This ascent can now be accomplished without the slightest fatigue. The most delicate invalid can now be carried swiftly and safely, where but a few years ago only the most vigorous tourist could with much fatigue and difficulty climb. The mountain region is easily reached from Montreal, by the South-Eastern and Boston Air Line, or by the Grand Trunk. The former is the more picturesque, and takes one more directly to the mountains. The Portland and Ogdensburg Road, however, takes travellers from the West through their very heart, passing through the famous Crawford Notch, where they can be almost touched on either hand. From whatever direction we approach, as we draw near the giant forms of the mountain Titans loom up ever higher and higher, dominating the entire landscape with a majesty—a sublimity all their own. The play of colour about their purple peaks, the creeping shadows on their sides and in their deep ravines, are never-ending sources of delight.

More people now often ascend Mount Washington in one day than in a whole week before the railroad was completed. Many regret the loss of the old method by the bridle-paths. Certainly these had their charms. The views which they afford of the abutting ranges and ravines on the one hand, and on the other of a broad expanse of checkered light and shade, are unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty; but the fatigue of this method of ascent is by no means slight.

The railroad was designed to obviate this difficulty. The road was commenced in 1866 under the superintendence of Sylvester Marsh, the inventor; and, after three years spent in construction, was opened to the public. One may now leave Montreal at a

comfortable hour in the morning, and, with only one change of cars, find himself on the summit of Mount Washington before sunset, and experience no more fatigue than is inseparable from a long car-ride.

White Mountains from Grand Trunk Railway.

The railroad follows up the Ammonoosuc River, climbing the somewhat steep ascent of this celebrated valley. For the whole distance, you are drawing nearer and nearer to the mountain-fastnesses; and the great charm of the ride is, that you have the full view of the mountains at all time. You gradually approach

an impenetrable mountain-wall, which allows no outlet, save by the narrow thread which winds around the flank and up to the brow of Mount Washington. At every point, too, this regal mountain stands the monarch of the hills in the centre of his court.

The mountain railroad is nearly three miles long, and ascends 3,625 feet, starting from a point 2,668 feet above tide-water. The maximum grade is 1,980 feet to the mile, or a little more than one foot in three; while the average is very nearly one foot in four. The road is built in the most substantial manner, of timber, interlaced and bolted, resting on the solid rock of the mountain-side. Besides the usual rails, there is a centre rail of peculiar construction to receive the motive-power. It consists of two bars of iron, with connecting cross-pieces at a distance of every four inches. A centre cog-wheel on the locomotive plays into this rail, and secures a sure and steady mode of ascent and descent.

The locomotive, as it first comes out of the house, has the appearance of being ready to fall over. As soon as it commences the ascent it stands upright, the slant being given to it to secure more uniform action. The driving-wheel is geared into a smaller wheel, which connects directly with the crank. Four revolutions of the engine are required to make one of the driving-wheel, thus sacrificing speed to power. The engine is not connected to the car, but simply pushes the car up the track. On the return it allows the car to follow it down at a slow rate of speed. To protect the train from accident, a wrought-iron "dog" constantly plays into notches on the driving-wheel, so that, if any part of the machinery gives way, the train is arrested where it is.

The time occupied by the ascent on the railroad is about an hour and a half. At first starting, this method of travelling being, to say the least, novel, the attention is naturally directed to the manner in which you are gradually forced up hill. Almost from the moment when you leave the depôt, a series of views is spread out before you of unsurpassing loveliness. The elevation of the track, which is nowhere absolutely on the ground, is sufficient to enable you to see over the tops of the trees and enjoy an uninterrupted view of all the country spread at your feet.

At first you look back upon the valley through which you have

passed, and easily trace the windings of the turnpike. You catch an occasional glimpse of the river as it plays in and out of the forest. As you gain the ascent the view widens and a broad vista of plain and mountain breaks upon the view. Gradually the trees of the temperate zone are left behind, and the shrubs and flora of Labrador and Greenland make their appearance. You can soon, also, see over the south wall, which so jealously limited your vision as you drove up the valley. On reaching the main ridge between Clay and Washington, you have on the left of the track, facing up the mountain, the huge "Gulf of Mexico,"

Distant View of Mount Washington.

an immense amphitheatre or ravine, down which you can look for an almost sheer descent of a thousand feet.

The best time to approach Mount Washington is in the clear afternoon of a summer day, when the shadows fall soft and rich in the gorges and over the rugged slopes of the chain. Then the mountains look higher, and their grandeur is tempered with a mystic beauty. There is perpetual charm, too, in watching the play of the vapors around the cliffs and in the ravines on a misty and showery day in August. Now they will wrap a long moun-

tain wall in a cold, gray mantle, to the base. Now they will break along a ridge, and reveal the harsh sides of a chasm, or the ramparts of a ridge, hanging seemingly in the clouds. Soon they will thin away below for a mile, and show the green foreground softened by a moist veil. Next they will knot themselves into thick rolls, and then stretch themselves slowly into thin and sleazy textures. Once in a while they will lift themselves nearly to the summit of a ridge, and try to plunge down again,—really tiring the eye that watches them

Sink by compulsion and laborious flight ;—

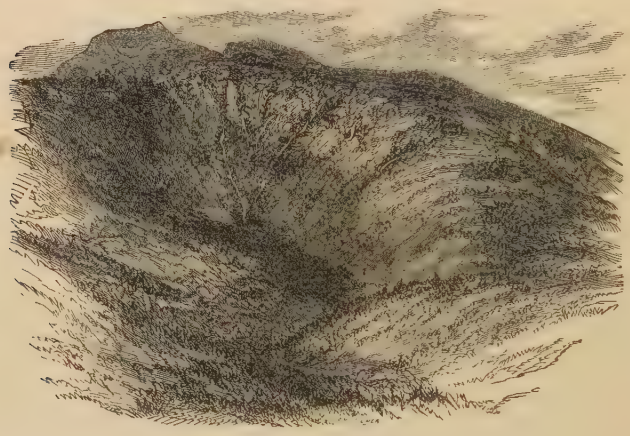
and sometimes they will break entirely around one of the mountains, Adams perhaps, and show it piercing the gray sky, appar-

White Mountain Range from Jefferson.

ently doubled in height by being seen isolated from its brother hills.

Many will think that the views during the ascent, which grow grander and grander as they rise, are more inspiring than the prospect from the peak above. One learns, in looking at those great forms, the decided difference there is in genus between a mountain and a hill. The eye is fascinated by the colours of these rugged monarchs—the varied verdure of their lower forests, their tawny shoulders, the purple and gray of their bare ledges, the dim green of their peaks. One will notice, also, the charming lines which the torrents have torn upon their surfaces; for when

we look across a gulf, or from a little distance below, upon a steep mountain, we find that it is the wrath of the freshets that gives them their finest lines of expression and character. And if the day is blessed with clouds that drift over the mountains, the eye will find unspeakable pleasure in watching the shadows that will droop swiftly from cone to base, and in following the incessant flushes and frolics of light and shade that robe them with ever-changing charm. The "Gulf of Mexico" gapes with more terror as the shadows from its walls, that measure more than a thousand feet, fall far into its base. The noon time is the poorest



THE GULF OF MEXICO.

of all seasons to be on the ridge of Mount Washington; for then there are no shadows. And it is a pity that the great majority of those who ascend the range see the scenery during the most unpoetic hours, near midday.

During the last part of the ascent one will see the pile of stones that marks the spot where Miss Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., died, near midnight, in September, 1855, and where her uncle and cousin kept sad watch till dawn. They started in the afternoon, without a guide, to walk to the summit. Night and fog overtook them, and the young lady perished in the chill and darkness among the rocks, but a few rods from the house they were in search of. Quite near, also, is the shelving rock, beneath which the remains of an elderly gentleman from Wilmington, Del., were found in July, 1857. He had attempted to ascend

the mountain alone, one afternoon in August of the year before, and must have been overtaken by storm, and cold, and darkness, near the summit. His watch, and some bank bills in his vest pocket, were found uninjured; though most of the body, and even part of the skeleton were gone.

Since the completion of the railroad the summit has been occupied as a station of the Meteorological Department of the United States Army, and observers have passed the entire winter there. The wind has sometimes assailed them with a velocity of 100 miles per hour. The lowest point indicated by the ther-

The Tip Top House—Mount Washington in Winter.

mometer, during the first year of observation, was—59° Fahrenheit. This extreme cold occurred at the same time with a high wind, whieh rendered it almost insupportable even indoors.

Let us ascend the last part of the steep cone, and stand upon the summit. What a magnificent and stupendous view! A horizon of nearly six hundred miles bounds the prospect! The mountain peaks stand on every side as sentinels over the furrowed valleys of New England! Far in the east Katahdin is driven like a wedge into the sky. Westward the eye roams almost to the Catskills; northward into Canada, far

beyond the sources of the Connecticut; southward, to the Saco. In a clear morning or evening, if there is a silvery gleam on the south-eastern horizon, it tells that the sun is shining on the sea off Portland. That flash now and then through the opaline southern air is from Winnipesaukee, the most exquisite jewel in the necklace of New England. On the near north the twin-domed Stratford mountains tower. Their barren pallor, seen through the uncertain air, counterfeits snow. The cloven Pink-

Mounts Adams and Madison, From Glen Path.

ham Pass lies directly beneath us, bending around to lovely North Conway. Over this last village we observe the drooping shoulders of Kearsarge, whose northern sides flow from the summit as softly as full folds of drapery fall from a ring. And further south the dim, level, leopard-spotted land stretches wide to the horizon haze.

Of course it is unwise to attempt to describe such a view. It is the map of New England printed before us in glowing poetry. Those who look upon the sublime diorama for the first time, under favourable circumstances, are so oppressed by the novelty

and grandeur, that they do not appreciate what they have seen till some days afterwards. Then it rises in memory, and becomes a perpetual treasure for "the mind's eye."

The old hotels, the "Tip-Top House" and the "Summit House," rough, uncouth structures, with low walls of coarse stone, still remain to remind one of the slow advances of civilization a mile above the sea. Now carriages and the railway both land

Glen Ellis Fall.

their passengers on the broad platform of the Mount Washington House with rooms for one hundred guests. The charge is $6 per day, to correspond, we suppose, to the height of the mountain.

The sunset view is magnificent beyond description. The light is gradually softened during the afternoon, when the most exquisite views are obtained of all the surrounding country. As the sun slowly sinks in the west, the shadows of the mountains enlarge in proportions, and extend far and wide. The great pyramidal shadow of the summit travels along the eastern landscape, gradually darkening green fields, pleasant lakes, winding rivers, and the snug hamlets that line their shores, till, reaching

the horizon, the apex actually seems to lift itself into the haze. The western mountains are glowing with golden light. The sun goes down in a blaze of glory. Then as the shadows deepen, the mists begin to collect on the surface of every lake, and pond, and brook, till it seems as though each little sheet of water was blanketed and tucked in beneath its own coverlet of cloud, to spend the night in undisturbed repose. Soon the Great Gulf, the deep ravines on either side, are filled with vapour, which, accumulating every moment, come reaching up the slopes of the mountains, till all the hollows are full clear to the brim. Then

Castellated Ridge, Mount Jefferson.

the surrounding summits peer out, lifting their heads above the dense masses. It seems as though one could walk across to Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison upon this broad platform of mist. Should this phenomenon occur before sunset, as sometimes it does, the effect is indescribably beautiful and grand, as though bridges of burnished gold had been thrown across the deep chasms from mountain top to mountain top. At early dawn the traveller is aroused to witness the reverse of the picture which he saw upon the previous evening. The sun comes up from the sea, the great pyramid of shadow beginning in the west gradually

contracts, the little cloud blankets rise from the lakes and float away in the upper air, and the sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," clothed in light, "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." After such an experience, one can go down into the plain below, better and wiser for his visit among the clouds.

Glen Ellis Fall is one of the interesting features of the wild scenery at the base of Mount Washington. From the

Valley of the Saco, White Mountains.

carriage road, the foot track is nearly level, leading to a tree that overhangs a precipice of more than a hundred feet. We lean against this tree for support, not without misgiving as to its roots, and look down upon a huge wall of rock, over which the Ellis River, stranding the streams of its various brooks into a huge liquid cable, whose constant friction has worn a deep groove in the granite, slides at a very sharp angle for some twenty feet, and then leaps, as from the nose of a gigantic pitcher, sixty feet

more. The spot where it pours is more wild, and combines more of the elements of loneliness, untamableness, lawless beauty, and strong contrasts of features, than any other spot in the White Mountain region.

Through the famed Saco Valley the route is over the Portland and Ogdensburgh Railroad. The whole valley is very attractive; and one is inclined to doubt whether the old mode of conveyance, even if more fatiguing, had not some advantages over the easier journey by rail. The hills rise boldly on each side, and for a long distance we can see the noble pyramidal form of Kearsarge,

Mount Kearsarge.

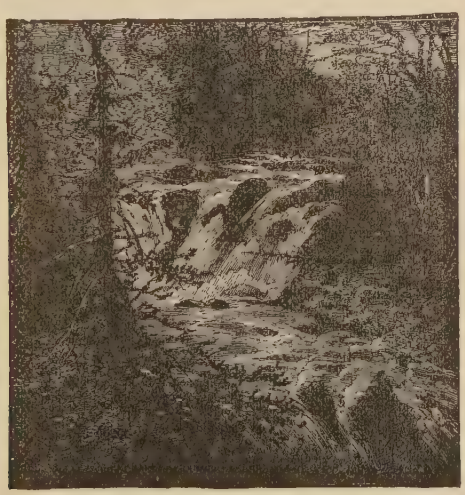
whose solitariness gives it a lonely dignity scarcely equalled by any other mountain in the region.

Mount Willard is easily ascended, to the very summit, in carriages, which are furnished for the excursion at a reasonable rate, while those who prefer to make the ascent on foot will find the walk, through groves of maple and mountain ash, pleasant, and by no means fatiguing. By a gradual ascent, over heavily-wooded slopes, you reach an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the Crawford House, and stand upon a little plateau, which is broken by the precipitous southern front of the mountain, and thickly strewn with delicate and beautiful mountain harebells. Directly in front, at your very feet as you emerge from the scanty and stunted growth which marks the approach to the summit,

lies the Notch—then only fully felt when, after having gazed upward from its gloomy fastnesses at the massive barriers which hem you in, you learn from this standpoint how well its grandeur and magnificence will bear calmer and more protracted scrutiny. Here you catch at a glance the conformation of the entire valley. You can trace the carriage road winding like a ribbon down through the wooded pass. In the distance lies the Willey House, above which

> "Winds underground or waters forcing way
> Sidelong have forced a mountain from his seat,
> Half-sunk with all his pines,"—

while on every hand are indications that such a catastrope as overwhelmed its inmates is not even now impossible. Down the



Diana's Bath, North Conway.

rugged face of the mountains to your left, across the Notch, can be traced innumerable cascades, glistening in the sunshine, and assuming each moment some new phase of wonderful and varied beauty, where

> "Like a downward smoke, the slender stream,
> Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall doth seem."

Far above, tower those more noted and eagerly welcomed peaks, which envious hills and forests snatch from the gazer below. The whole landscape, seen "through varying lights and shadows," is perhaps as attractive and winning as any thing in the Mountains.

Of this view, Bayard Taylor speaks as follows, as he saw it upon his first visit:—"The effect was magical. The sky had partially cleared, and patches of sunny gold lay upon the dark mountains. Under our feet yawned the tremendous gulf of the Notch, roofed with belts of cloud, which floated across from summit to summit nearly at our level; so that we stood, as in the organ-loft of some grand cathedral, looking down into its dim nave. At the farther end, over the fading lines of some nameless mountains, stood Chocorua, purple with distance, terminating the majestic vista. It was a picture which the eye could take in at one glance; no landscape could be more simple or more sublime. The noise of a cataract to our right, high up on Mount Willey, filled the air with a far, sweet fluctuating murmur, but all round us the woods were still, the harebells bloomed, and the sunshine lay warm upon the granite. I had never heard this view particularly celebrated, and was therefore the more impressed by its wonderful beauty. As a simple picture of a mountain pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it. A portion of the effect, of course, depends on the illumination, but no traveller who sees it on a day of mingled cloud and sunshine will be disappointed."

SONNET.

WINTER ROSES ON THE CHILDREN'S FACES.

WINTER roses, O! to see them glowing
Warm upon the children's happy faces!
Cheeks and chins the North Wind pats, and places
There his ruddy kiss, as he goes blowing
Over snow hills, where toboggans flowing
In an avalanche of maddest races;
Boys and girls with flying locks and laces,
Furred and muffled down the slides are going,
Shouting, laughing, holding fast each other,
Mutual help the moment's present duty,—
Gladdening hearts of father and of mother,
While the frosty air, nips into beauty
Fresher, redder, ever newer graces,
Winter roses on the children's faces!

—W. KIRBY.

Niagara, 27th Jany., 1883.

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

BY JOHN W. DAWSON, D.C.L., F.R.S.
Principal of McGill University, Montreal.

II.

THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

THE deluge of Noah has ceased to be a matter solely theological or dependent on the veracity of Genesis. It has now become a fact of ancient Assyrian history, a tradition preserved by many and various races, a pluvial or diluvial age, or time of subsidence, intervening between the oldest race of men known to geology and modern times. We are at least entitled, conjecturally, to identify these things, and through means of these identifications to arrive at some definite conceptions of the condition and character of the earliest men, whether we call them the Antediluvians of the Bible or the Palæocosmic or Palæolithic men of geology.

The Book of Genesis traces man back to Eden, whose characteristics we have already considered, and which certainly is placed by that old record, as by the Assyrian genesis, in the Euphratean valley, whether in its upper table-lands or in its delta. From this Eden man was expelled, the old Aryan traditions say by physical deterioration—the incoming, perhaps, of a glacial age. The Semitic traditions, on the other hand, refer it to a moral fall and a judicial visitation of God. In any case it was a very real evil, involving a change from that condition of happy abundance and freedom from physical toil, which all histories and hypotheses as to human origin must assign to the earliest state of our species, to a condition of privation, exposure, labour, struggle for existence against the uncongenial environment of a wilderness world. Such new conditions of existence must have tended to try the capabilities and endowments of men. Under certain circumstances, and when not too severe, they must have developed energy, inventiveness, and sagacity, and thus must have produced a physical and mental improvement. Under other circumstances

they must have had a deteriorating influence, degrading the physical powers and reducing the mental nature almost to a bestial condition. The experience of our modern world and even of civilized communities, enables us too well to comprehend these opposite effects. In any case, such struggle was, on the whole, better for man when in an imperfect state. Only a creature perfectly simple and harmless morally, could enjoy with advantage the privileges of an Eden.

The Bible story, however, gives us a glimpse of still another and unexpected vicissitude. The human family at a very early period split into two tribes. One of these, the Sethidæ, simple God-fearing, conservative, shepherds and soil-tillers; the other, the Cainidæ, active, energetic, godless, city-builders and inventors. Among the Cainidæ sprang up another division into citizen peoples, dwelling in dense communities, practising metallurgy and other arts, inventing musical instruments, and otherwise advancing in material civilization; and wandering Jabalites—nomads with beasts of burden and movable tents, migrating widely over the earth, and perhaps locally descending to the rudest forms of human life. Thus from the centre of Eden and the fall sprang three diverse lines of human development.

But a time came when these lines reacted on each other. The artisans and inventors intermarried with the simple country folk. The nomadic tribes threw themselves in invading swarms on the settled communities. Mixed races arose, and wars, conquests, and disturbances, tending to limit more and more the areas of peace and simple plenty, and to make more and more difficult the lives of those who sought to adhere to the old Edenic simplicity; until this was well-nigh rooted out, and the earth was filled with violence. In the midst of this grew up a mixed race of men, strong physically, with fierce passions, daring, adventurous, and cruel, who lorded it over the earth and deprived others of their natural rights and liberties—the giants and men of renown of antediluvian times.

Such, according to the Bible, was the condition of the later antediluvians, and in this was the reason why they were swept away with a flood. Before this catastrophe, we can gather from the story, there must have been great progress in the arts. Intellects of gigantic power, acting through the course of exceedingly

long lives, had gained great mastery over nature, and had turned this to practical uses. There must have been antediluvian metallurgists as skilled as any of those in early post-diluvian times ; engineers and architects capable of building cities, pyramids, and palaces, and artisans who could have built triremes equal to those of the Carthaginians. At the same time there must have been wild outlying tribes, fierce and barbarous. Farther, the state of society must have been such that there was great pressure for the means of subsistence in the more densely peopled districts ; and as agricultural labour was probably principally manual, and little aided by machines or animals, and as the primitive fertility of the soil must, over large regions, have been much exhausted, we can understand that lament of Lamech as to the hardness of subsistence with which he precedes his hopeful prophecy of better times in the days of Noah.

Another feature of the antediluvian time was its godless and materialistic character. This is quaintly represented in some of the American legends of the deluge by the idea that the antediluvian men were incapable of thanking the gods for the benefits they received. They had, in short, lost the beliefs in a ruling divinity and a promised Saviour, and had thrown themselves wholly into a materialistic struggle for existence, and this was the reason why they were morally and spiritually hopeless and had to be destroyed. We do not hear of any idolatry or superstition in antediluvian times, nor of the lower vices of the more corrupt and degraded races. The vices of the antediluvians were those of a superior race, self-reliant, ambitious, and selfish. Devoting themselves wholly to worldly aims and to the promotion of the arts of life, and utilizing to the utmost the bounties of nature, their motto was "let us eat and drink," not for to-morrow we die, but because we shall live long in our enjoyments. The inevitable result in the tyranny of the strong over the weak, and the rebellion of the weak against the strong, in the accumulation of wealth and luxury in favoured spots, and in the desolation of these spots, by the violence and rapacity of rude and warlike tribes, came upon them to the full, but brought no repentance. Such a race, to whom God and the spiritual world had become unthinkable, to whom nothing but the material goods of life had any reality, who probably scoffed at the simple beliefs of their ancestors as the dreams of a rude age, had become morally irre-

deemable, and there was nothing in store for it but a physical destruction.

It is easy to see that these evils must have been greatly aggravated if the life of antediluvian man was prolonged through centuries, and if his physical and mental organization were of a correspondingly powerful and enduring character. The hardness of heart of a materialist who cannot hope to survive threescore and ten years must be as nothing compared with that of a Methuselah.

The cataclysm by which these men were swept away may have been one of those submersions of our continents which, locally or generally, have occurred over and over again, almost countless times, in the geological history of the earth, and which, though often slow and gradual, must in other cases have been rapid, perhaps much more so than the hundred and fifty years which the Bible record allows us to assign to the whole period of the Noachic catastrophe.

It is an interesting fact that those interesting cave-men whose bones testify to the existence of man in Europe before the last physical changes of the post-glacial age, and while many mammals now locally or wholly extinct still lived in Europe, present characters such as we might expect to find at least in the ruder nomadic tribes of the antediluvian men. Their large brains, great stature, and strong bones point to just such characters as would befit the giants that were in those days. It is farther of interest that the early appearance of skill in the arts of life in the valleys of the Euphrates and Nile in post-diluvian times, points to an inheritance of antediluvian arts by the early Hametic or Turanian nations, and is scarcely explicable on any other hypothesis.

I have said that such a catastrophe as the deluge of Noah is in no respect incomprehensible as a geological phenomenon, and were we bound to explain it by natural causes, these would not be hard to find. The terms of the narrative in Genesis well accord with a movement of the earth's crust, bringing the waters of the ocean over the land, and at the same time producing great atmospheric disturbances. Such movements seem to have occurred at the close of the post-glacial or palæocosmic age, and were probably connected with the extinction of the palæocosmic or cave men of Europe and of the larger land animals

their contemporaries; and these movements closed the later continental period of Lyell, and left the European land permanently at a lower level than formerly. Movements of this kind have been supposed by geologists to be very slow and gradual; but there is no certain evidence of this, since such movements of the land as have occurred in historical times have sometimes been rapid; and there are many geological reasons tending to prove that this was the case with that which closed the post-glacial age. It is to be observed, also, that the narrative in Genesis does not appear to imply a very sudden catastrophe. There is nothing to prevent us from supposing that the submergence of the land was proceeding during all the period of Noah's preaching, and the actual time in which the deluge covered the district occupied by the narrative was more than a year. It is also to be observed that the narrative in Genesis purports to be that of an eye-witness. He notes the going into the ark, the closing of its door, the first floating of the large ship; then its drifting, then the disappearance of visible land, and the minimum depth of fifteen cubits, probably representing the draft of water of the ark. Then we have the abating of the waters with an intermittent action, going and returning, the grounding of the ark, the gradual appearance of the surrounding hills, the disappearance of the water, and finally the drying of the ground. All this, if historical in any degree, must consist of the notes of an eye-witness, and if understood in this sense, the narrative can raise no question as to the absolute universality of the catastrophe, since the whole earth of the narrator was simply his visible horizon. This will also remove much of the discussion as to the animals taken into the ark, since these must have been limited to the fauna of the district of the narrator, and even within this the lists actually given could exclude the larger carnivorous animals. Thus there would be nothing to prevent our supposing, on the one hand, that some species of animals became altogether extinct, and that the whole faunæ of vast regions not reached by the deluge remained intact. It is further curious that the narrative of the deluge preserved in the Assyrian tablets, like that of Genesis, purports to be the testimony of a witness, and indeed of the Assyrian equivalent of Noah himself.

The "waters of Noah" are thus coming more and more within the cognizance of geology and archæology, and it is more than

probable that other points of contact than those above referred to may ere long develop themselves.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

There are certain schools of modern science and philosophy which affect contempt for the doctrine of final causes, and profess to see nothing in nature that points to an unseen Creator. On the other hand, we find Mill, in one of his last essays, after rejecting every other argument for the existence of a God, admitting that the argument from design in the universe is irresistible, and that nature does testify of its Maker. There can be no question that in this Mill is right, if for no other reason than that old and well-known one that mere blind chance cannot be conceived of as capable of producing an orderly system of things. Farther, there can be no question that the one argument for a God which is convincing to Mill is also the one, and the only one, which the Holy Scriptures condescend to refer to. They habitually take the existence of God for granted, as something not needing to be proven to reasonable minds, but they reason from nature, as, for instance, in that remarkable passage of the apostle Paul where he affirms that to the heathen the "power and divinity" of God are apparent from the things which He has made. But perhaps there is no part of the Bible in which the teaching of nature with reference to divine things is more fully presented than in the Book of Job, and I am inclined to think that not a few even of religious men fail to see precisely the significance of the address of the Almighty to Job, in the concluding chapter of that book.

Job is tortured and brought near to death by severe bodily disease. His friends have exhausted all their divinity and philosophy upon him, in the vain effort to convince him that he deserves this infliction for his special and aggravated sins. At length the Almighty intervenes and gives the final decision. But instead of discussing the ethical and theological difficulties of the case, He enters into a sublime and poetical description of nature. He speaks of the heaven above, of the atmosphere, its vapours and its storms, and of the habits and powers of animals. In short, Job is treated to a lecture on natural history. Yet this instantaneously effects what the arguments of

the friends have altogether failed to produce, and Job humbles himself before God in contrition and repentance. His words are very remarkable (Job 42. 1–12):

"I know that thou canst do all things,
From Thee no purpose is withheld ;
(Thou hast said) 'Who is this that obscures counsel without knowledge?'
(And I confess that) I have uttered what I understood not,
Things too hard for me which I know not,
But hear me now and I will speak.
(Thou hast said) 'I will demand of thee
And inform thou me.'
I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear,
But now my eye seeth thee ;
Therefore do I abhor myself,
And repent in dust and ashes."

What does this import? Simply that, through the presentation to him of God's works, Job had attained a new view of God and of himself. He had not considered or fairly weighed the world around him in its grandeur, its complexity, its unaccountable relations, and contrasted it with his own little sphere of thought and work. Had he done so, he would like Paul in later times, have said, "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" God, if really the architect of nature, must have thoughts and plans altogether beyond our comprehension. He must be absolute sovereign of all. It is our part to submit with patience to His dealing with us, to lean upon Him by faith, and thus to carry this almighty power power with us. So Job can now be vindicated against his friends who have taken upon them to explain God's plans and have misrepresented them, as many good men like them are constantly doing; against Satan, who cannot comprehend Job's piety, but believes it to be mere self-interest, and who now sees himself foiled and Job brought into still greater prosperity, which can now be safely granted to him; while by the result and the explanation of it handed down to our time, Satan's kingdom has been severely shaken.

I would put this case of Job before modern Christians in three aspects. (1) Do we attach enough of importance to the Gospel in nature, as vindicating God's sovereignty and fatherhood, and

preaching submission, humility, and faith? Might we not here take a lesson from the Bible itself? (2) May there not be many in our own time who, like Job, have "heard of God with the hearing of ear" but have not seen seen Him with the eye in His works; and on the other hand, are there not many who have seen the works without seeing the Maker, who can even "magnify God's works which men behold" without knowing the author of them? Would it not be well to bring more together in friendly discussion and comparison of notes those who thus look on only one side of the shield? (3) Should we not beware of the error of Job's friends in misrepresenting God's plans, and thereby denouncing those who differ from us? These three wise and well-meaning men had nature all around them, yet they disregarded its teachings, and dwelt on old saws and philosophic dogmas, until God Himself had to bring out the whirlwind and the thunder-storm, the ostrich, the horse and the hippopotamus, to teach a better theology. The Book of Job no doubt belongs to a very ancient time, when men had little divine revelation, perhaps none at all in a definite and dogmatic form, yet there are in our times many minds even cultured minds, as ignorant of revelation as Job's contemporaries, or who, if not ignorant of it, will not receive it. To them the same elementary teaching may afford the training which they need.

THE EXODUS.

Modern geographical exploration has gone over the ground traversed by ancient expeditions, or famous from wars and sieges, with various results as to the historical credibility of the narrators of these events. Bible history has often and in many places been subjected to this test, and has certainly been remarkably vindicated by the spade and the measuring-line. But perhaps no instance of this is more remarkable than that afforded by the magnificent report of the Ordnance Survey of Sinai, both because of the positive and clear character of its results, and of the antiquity and obscurity of the events to which it relates.

Some three thousand years ago, according to a history professedly written by contemporaries, the Hebrew people, migrating from Egypt, sojourned in this inhospitable region for forty

years on their way to Palestine. No one in the intervening ages is known to have followed their precise route. Arab and Christian traditions have, it is true, ventured to fix the sites of some of the leading events of the march. Travellers have passed hastily over portions of the ground, and have given to the world the impressions produced on their minds by crude observation without accurate measurements. The results arrived at were so various and discordant that any one of half a dozen theories might be held as to the actual route and its more important station, and sceptics might be pardoned for supposing that the writer of the history knew less of the ground than many of the subsequent visitors. But now science intervenes with its special methods. A corps of trained surveyors, armed with all the appliances of their art, and prepared to make observations as to climate, geology, and natural history, enter the peninsula at the point where Moses is represented to have entered it, and prepare to follow in his footsteps. They first settle by exhaustive investigation the crossing-place of the fugitives near the present town of Suez, and inform us of the precise circumstances which must have attended that event, not omitting the strong east wind, which still sometimes blows with terrific force down the gulf. They examine the wells of Moses and test their water, and describe the structure of that remarkable *Shur*, or wall of rock, from which the locality derives its Bible name, and which barred the way of the Israelites toward the east and caused them to make a long *détour* to the south. They proceed southward from station to station and well to well, noting remarkable coincidences heretofore overlooked, with reference to the characteristics of the terrible wilderness of Sin, the various ways by which the table-land may be penetrated from the coast, the apparently devious course of the Israelites, and their "encampment by the sea." They show how the host must have turned abruptly to the east by Wady Feiran, and how this brought them into conflict with the Amalekites. They explain the tactics of the battle of Rephidim, with the effect of the victory in opening the way to a junction with Jethro and the Midianites, and to the great and well-watered plain of Er Rahah in front of Mount Sinai. They show how this plain and mountain fulfil all the conditions of the narrative of the giving of the Law, and explain the necessity for the

miraculous supplies of water and pasture to which that battle gave access.

As we follow the laborious investigations of the surveying party, and note the number and complexity of the undesigned agreements between their observations and the narrative in Exodus and Numbers, as we study their account of the geology, productions, and antiquities of the country, trace its topography on their beautiful maps and photographs, and weigh their calculations as to the supplies of water, food, and pasturage at different stages of the journey, we feel that the venerable narrative of the Pentateuch must be the testimony of a veracious eye-witness, and all the learned theories as to the late authorship and different documents disappear like mist. The writer of Exodus and Numbers had no idea that after thirty centuries his veracity was to be subjected to the test of a scientific survey; but he has, nevertheless, so provided for this that even his obscurities, imperfect explanations, and omissions now tend to his vindication.

All this would be of extreme interest were the Exodus merely an old story, like the siege of Troy or the tragical history of Mycenæ. But it is much more than this, much more than even a national movement in assertion of the rights of the oppressed and of the sacredness of freedom. The Exodus was a new departure in the higher life of humanity. It was a great revival of monotheistic religion at a time when it seemed likely to perish. It restored the hopes of a coming Saviour. It initiated a religious literature which reached back to the creation, and which culminated in the New Testament. The roots of all that is most valuable in religion to-day lie in the Exodus. Therefore, it is of the highest importance to know whether the history of this event preserved to us in the Hebrew Scriptures is accurate and trustworthy. If it is a myth or a historical novel, or even a well-meant compilation of traditions and documents by an editor living long after the event, we might feel that its authority in all respects was shaken. As it is, we may rejoice in the possession of at least one true and carefully written history, however we may regret that so many volumes of learned historical criticism have been reduced to waste paper. The authors of the report on the Sinai Survey make no pretensions to be either critics or expositors of the Bible, and they are

prepared to state what they see, independently of the consequences to any one. Hence it is most instructive to observe how, as they unsparingly sweep away old traditions, and the conjectures of travellers and historians ancient and modern, the original record stands in all its integrity, like the great stones of some cromlech from which men have dug away the earth under which it had been buried.

To those who have placed reliance on such theories of the Pentateuch as those of Kalisch, Kuenen, or Colenso, the disclosures of the Survey of Sinai must come like a new revelation. Henceforth, the only rational theory as to the composition of the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, is that they are contemporary journals of the events to which they relate, and that they have not been subsequently revised or altered even to such an extent as to explain facts obscure to any one except a contemporary, or to remove seeming contradictions requiring knowledge of the ground for their solution. It is even startling to find that the apparent omissions, repetitions, and inconsistencies which have been ingeniously employed to sustain theories of a composite and late authorship, become, when studied on the ground, the most convincing proofs of contemporary authorship and the absence of any subsequent revision. Had these writings been subjected to any considerable revision between the date of the Exodus and that of the Ordnance Survey, they could scarcely have failed to present less of a photographic truthfulness than that which at present characterizes them. This must at least be the theory which will commend itself to every intelligent student of the report of the Sinai Survey; and it is to be observed that the facts of this report are final in a scientific point of view, and cannot be invalidated by any critical process, so that, in so far as the central books of the Pentateuch are concerned, the occupation of the disintegrating and destructive critics is absolutely gone, or can be valued only by those bookworms and pedants who are determined to shut their eyes against scientific evidence.

I have selected a few examples from various departments of scientific investigation to show that, in many respects not usually considered, modern scientific results approach to doctrines of revelation. Such examples might be very much multiplied, and others might be found more striking than some of those above

referred to. Enough has, however, been said to show that the paths of science and revelation are at least not divergent, to suggest the necessity of removing from the reading of the Bible that veil of mediævalism which remains on so many minds, to indicate the utility of fairly comparing the new science with the old revelalation, and above all to vindicate the fundamental unity and harmony of all truth, whether natural or spiritual, whether discovered by man or revealed by God.

AFTER A WHILE.

THERE is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or no,
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

No mortal roaming but hath certain end;
Though far unto the ocean spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle,
After a little while,

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle.

And contemplate the never-ceasing change,
Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
After a little while!

MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM T. MASON.*

DIED NOVEMBER 6, 1882.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

I DESIRE in this brief sketch to gather up some lessons from the Christian life and character of one who has been taken from us in the fulness of strength and usefulness.

William T. Mason was born in the year 1824, in the quiet little village of Ivy Bridge, beautifully located on the banks of the clear flowing Erme, in Devonshire, England. There his father for many years carried on an extensive milling business, and there he received his early education, which was supplemented by a two years' residence at a leading grammar school in Plymouth. Both his parents belonged to the people called Methodists, the father being a prominent local preacher, the mother a woman of deep piety, great strength of character, and active zeal. That godly home became the centre of a Methodistic influence which to this day is felt not only in Ivy Bridge but in the district around, that has become leavened by Divine grace; and in such an atmosphere, amid such influences, young Mason was reared. Who can estimate what helps to the formation of a high type of character are found in the prayers, instruction, and discipline of a godly home? How great the advantages and how weighty the responsibilities of those who have had the education of a Christian household, and the formative influences of good books, religious education and tastes!

William Mason, as a boy, was distinguished for his activity and fondness for all kinds of sports. Yet he had given his heart to God, had become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and had united with the Church. At an early age he was one of a band of earnest young people who took an active interest in all religious and Church matters.

In 1842 coming with his family to Canada, he remained for about a year in Montreal, while the rest of the household came

* This memorial was read at the close of the funeral sermon of the late William T. Mason, preached in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on Sunday, November 19th, 1882.

on to Toronto. His associations in Montreal were not favourable to piety, and not connecting himself with any Church organization, he lost ground and walked in darkness until smitten down with typhoid fever. During his protracted illness the joy of salvation was restored to him, and ever after the lamp of piety burned brightly in his soul. From that time forth he became an active, aggressive Christian; and no matter what the pressure of business, what the changing circumstances, or fluctuating vicissitudes, he was an ever consistent, ever zealous, ever faithful church member.

Coming to the west, his first engagement was with Mr. John Brunskill, of Thornhill, where he resided for about three years, when he settled in Toronto, and was for some time chief clerk and cashier in a wholesale dry goods establishment until he began business on his own account as an estate agent and official assignee. Into this business, successfully carried on for many years, he threw all the energy and ability for which he was distinguished.

In 1858 he was united in marriage to Mary, daughter of Peter Lawrence, Esq., of Eglinton. Their surviving children, five sons and a beloved daughter, all consecrated to the Lord, inherit the priceless legacy bequeathed them of a father's holy life and triumphant death. I find it difficult, from the abundance of material, to present in few words, a faithful portraiture of the man, a true delineation of his life and character.

1. As a business man he was a model. He was painstaking, clear, prompt, active, energetic; and with that keen and ready mind, that strength and decision of will, there was the sound judgment, probity, and conscientiousness which inspired and retained the confidence of the commercial community. He abhorred deceit or dishonesty in all its phases. He had for many years the management of a number of important estates, several of which were placed in his hands by the Court of Chancery. It was while trying to protect the capital invested in a large concern in which he and several of his friends were interested, and which had become involved by bad management, that he gave that severe and protracted application which was too much for his strength, and he sank down under a nervous mental depression which utterly incapacited him for activity. In the beginning of the year 1882 his health was entirely

restored, and he has since seemed brimful of the energies of life. He told me on his dying bed that his full restoration was wrought by his Saviour. He said, "I was in great despondency in regard to temporal and spiritual things. All was confused. But while earnestly praying, the Saviour appeared to me. He came with great power and glory and saved me. It was the only fact of my being—the fact that I consciously possessed the Saviour. My inmost soul said, if I love the blessed Jesus it is all well, and He lifted every cloud, He adjusted everything."

2. William Mason was emphatically a religious man, a true Christian. Not only his own but many other Methodist Churches in this city, have felt the impulse of his zeal, ability, and liberality. When first he arrived in Toronto he joined the George Street Methodist Church, and associated himself in Church work with John Macdonald, William and James Gooderham, Thomas Keough, Thomas Brown, James Aikenhead, and other young men of like character. Several of these young men had serious thoughts of entering the ministry, but while only one, the Rev. Thomas Keough, became an ordained minister, three others became active local preachers, of whom William T. Mason was one.

During his stay in Thornhill, with his strong British instincts, he, with another young man, Mr. Josiah Purkiss, succeeded in establishing a British Methodist Church. An edifice was erected, the funds for which were largely collected by himself; and he, with his young friend, looked after the seating, heating, lighting, singing, as well as attended to the more spiritual interests with great earnestness and fidelity.

Mr. John Macdonald has kindly furnished the following interesting particulars: "My acquaintance with Mr. William T. Mason began in the early part of the year 1843. We were both lads. I was at the time a member of the George Street school. He connected himself with that school and subsequently with the Duke Street school, which became the nucleus of the Berkeley Street Church. At this early period of his life, the leading features of his character were strongly apparent, viz., intense earnestness and uniform fidelity in the discharge of any duty he undertook. Sunday morning found him at the early morning prayer-meeting. Nine o'clock found him at the

Sunday-school, and in the evening the old plans of the prayer leaders in George Street show his appointments—extending as far west as the Asylum, as far east as Duke street; and this after continuous labours, which began with the early light of the Sabbath morning."

In Richmond Street Church he was active, and in 1852 he was one of a number appointed by the Quarterly Board to establish a Methodist cause, of which the nucleus had already been formed, in St. John's Ward. Out of this mission developed the present Elm Street Church. At the building of that church there were many who were earnest, liberal workers; none more earnest and liberal than was he. The brethren of that church feel, with those of the Metropolitan, a personal bereavement, and speak in the highest terms of his untiring zeal and devotion to God's cause. For many years he was teacher of the select Bible-class, and afterwards superintendent of the Sunday-school. He was a local preacher and class leader, as well as treasurer of the Trustee Board; and the books of the Church bear the impress of his exceeding accuracy and unsurpassed financial ability. His interest in the Metropolitan Church from the first was something remarkable. He inspired others by his own earnestness and enthusiasm. Much of the success of this great undertaking was due to his clear and vigorous business ability, his sound and cautious judgment, his glowing interest, and abounding liberality. The labour which he freely devoted to looking after the financial affairs of the church during its erection, and for many years after, was simply enormous, but it was to him a labour of love.

The recent movement for the reduction of the debt upon this noble edifice had all his sympathies, as had every interest of the Church, which he loved in life and loved in death, for with his expiring breath how earnestly he prayed for the pastor that he might be anointed with power from on High, and for the membership that they might be "filled with the Holy Ghost!"

In the subduing presence of death, and with eternity before us, we dare use no flattering eulogiums. We simply call to mind the excellences of the departed that we may glorify God and follow him as he followed Christ. We present him as a model Christian:

(1) In his activity and zeal.

(2) In his liberality. He was continually practising and urging upon all a spirit of enlarged liberality. When any interest of the Church came up there was no need of special pleading with him. He was always ready—the simple question being the measure of his ability; and up to this he was always prompt to act.

(3) In his intelligence. He was a devout student of the Word of God. How he loved the sacred Scriptures and what delight he took in unfolding the Word in the class-meeting and explaining the portion read at the family altar! He took a lively interest in the New Version and greatly enjoyed comparing passages of the Old and New.

(4) In his delight and power in prayer. His hidden inner life was maintained by secret communion with God, and his heart habitually turned to Him as the heliotrope to the sun. In the social and public services he prayed out of the Scriptures—the Word hidden in his heart—and with great power. The last Sabbath he spent in the sanctuary he remained to the prayer-meeting, and many remember with what fervency he poured out his supplications to the Hearer of prayer.

(5) In his spirit of cheerfulness. There was nothing sour in his piety. He was full of cheerfulness, and the ready humour sparkled in his eye, and played in his words, and rippled in his laughter. True, his ardent temperament and lively imagination had something to do with his genial piety, but it was his active faith and cheerful submission and full consecration to God that filled him with the "joy of the Lord." Especially since his recovery it was the baptism of the Holy Ghost, the day-spring arising in his soul, that gave a new ardour to his piety and a new warmth to his Christian service.

(6) In his earnest and consistent devotion to the doctrines and usages of the Church. He was a Methodist out and out. He believed in the doctrine of a conscious and full salvation. He believed in the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, and was faithful to all the means of grace. The last time he ever was out of his home was to attend the prayer-meeting. And had this faithfulness to the means of grace no connection with his triumphant departure? His dying words were but the fitting culmination to his holy, faithful life.

(7) We present him as the model of a large-hearted member of the Church of Christ. He did not confine himself to the enterprises of our Church alone. He looked out upon the struggling world of humanity. He loved our own and all missions. He loved Christ's work everywhere. He was a contributor to the funds of nearly all the charitable institutions of the city. He took a deep interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and was a member of the Employment Committee, was a friend indeed to many a stranded and helpless stranger. The Bible and Tract Societies had his sympathy, support, and active assistance.

I sum up this estimate of him as a Christian in the words of Mr. John Macdonald, who says, "He not only met in his young days in my class, but met with me in the still closer relationship of a band-mate, and I can say, after an intimate knowledge of the man for nearly forty years that I never discovered in him one act—that I never heard him utter one word which was not in keeping with a profession such as he made. He was singularly conscientious in his intercourse with others. I deem it such an instance as does not often happen between brethren, that during that long period there never existed between us in our intercourse the slightest shadow, there was never uttered a word that could give pain. It is enough to add that among all the good, loving, and devoted brethren whom I have known it has never been my lot to know a brother more earnest, having more singleness of purpose, and more devoted in all that pertains to God's work here than William T. Mason."

I forbear to speak of the tender relations of home. As a brother, never using the words of bitterness or of strife, so that the four stood together "a band of brothers," as in the brave days of old; and when one of them, on the night of his decease, alluded to the unity and brotherly affection in which they had always dwelt together, he answered "Yes, dear Tom, and I trust we shall share together the rewards of a blissful eternity." As a husband he was gentle in spirit, confiding and helpful; as a father firm and decided, but affectionate, and true to the highest interests of his children.

He was taken from us in the fulness of his strength and usefulness. How did he die? Gloriously. His dying chamber was filled with the presence of the Lord—it was quite on the

verge of heaven, and those who were present were brought nearer the spirit-land than they had ever been before. There was an impressive suddenness in the stroke. He seemed in perfect health, and we were anticipating years of still greater activity in the Church, when the Master called him. He was taken alarmingly ill early on Thursday morning the 2nd November, but it was not until Sunday afternoon, the 5th, that the physicians gave up all hopes of his life. When the solemn and affecting intelligence was communicated to him it was evidently unexpected; but at once his soul fell back upon the infinitely blessed and perfect will of God, and he said, "It is all right; I shall go to be with my blessed Saviour;" and from that moment his room became the ante-chamber to the glory-land.

As I called to converse and pray with him, I inquired "Is there anything you would like to ask of God?" and the answer was, "I leave everything in His hands. All I want is more of my blessed Saviour's presence." Several times he was heard repeating—

> "Oh that each in the day of His coming may say
> I have fought my way through
> I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.
>
> O that each from His Lord may receive the glad word,
> 'Well and faithfully done,
> Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.'"

"Yes," he would cry out, "On His throne. We are monarchs now. He gives us the victor's crown. Ever blessed be His name." As a number of friends were gathered about his bedside he observed, "In the hour of dissolution, I have sometimes thought there would be little or no chance of saying anything for Christ, but blessed be my precious Saviour, I am able to speak a word for Him, and now I plead with you all present to consecrate yourselves to Christ. He is best for time, He is best even as an investment here, and He is best for eternity." O how he pleaded with those of his friends who had not yet decided for heaven to make their peace with God. He said to one and another, "You will excuse my earnestness. I am on the shores of eternity; I shall soon be in the other world, and I plead with you, as you will come to the dying hour, to yield now

to Christ." What promises were made to the dying man! God help that these vows may be fulfilled!

On my reading to him the 7th chapter of Revelation, how he expatiated on the blessedness of the redeemed in heaven: "The absence of all want; they hunger no more, thirst no more. The Lamb shall feed them and lead them into living fountains of water." And clapping his hands he cried out, "O blessed be God for His Word." All these utterances were in the midst of extreme physical prostration and the most violent paroxysms of pain. Once I ventured to remonstrate with him that he was exhausting his strength. "My strength," said he, "Why, my dear sir, I shall soon be gone. I have only a moment here at most." After a severe struggle, which left him weaker, he said, "Poor human nature in wreck! but I shall rise triumphant. This corruptible body shall be raised in incorruption, a spiritual body."

He repeated often, "The golden bowl is broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain." But he had not a fear. Death could not hurt him. He could say, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

He asked those around his bed to sing the hymn:

"Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise,"

On reaching the last verse—"But saints are lovely in His sight"—he clapped his hands and cried out, "Thanks be to my precious Saviour, 'He looks and loves His image there.'" These are but a few of his triumphant utterances during that memorable night. Referring to the dying infidel's expression he said, "This is not a leap in the dark. It is glorious day. It is all sunshine."

About four o'clock in the morning thinking that the end was at hand, Mrs. Mason asked, "Is it well, dear William." "Yes, yes," he answered, "well, forever and ever."

Just then as if the music from the heavenly choir came floating down to him in ravishing harmonies, his face became transfigured, and clapping his hands he said in a monologue, "Oh, Mr. Torrington, the standard of our music here is low. It is nothing compared with the glorious melodies and harmonies there, because there the standard is Divine. It is God's own standard."

About five minutes before he became unconscious he asked

to have the *Te Deum* sung. But his friends saw that his life was rapidly ebbing away and they could not find voice—they could not sing for tears. With a look of intense earnestness and devotion he said, "I will sing it myself," and leading off with—"We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting,"—he sang every verse of that majestic hymn down to the last, "O Lord in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded," and even to the Amen. It was the "Amen" of his soul, and, sinking rapidly, at half-past eight in the morning of November 6th, he entered upon a day without night, and had "another morn than ours."

The smitten household,—

Who sadly watched the close of all
Life balanced on a breath,
Who saw upon his features fall
The awful shade of death.

All dark and desolate they were,
And murmuring nature cried,
"O surely, Lord, hadst Thou been here
Our brother had not died."

But when its glance the memory cast
On all that grace had done,
And thought of life-long warfare past
And endless victory won.

Then faith prevailing, wiped the tear,
And looking upward, cried,
"O Lord! Thou surely hast been here,
Our brother hast not died."

Rest, pilgrim, rest from thy labours! Thy works do follow thee. Thou didst delight in the courts of the Lord here, now thou dost dwell in the house of the Lord forever. And we sorrowing ones who knew and loved thee, by the memory of thy pure life and glorious death, vow afresh fidelity to Christ and His cause.

"O may we triumph so,
When all our warfare's past,
And dying find our latest foe
Under our feet at last."

AT LAST;

OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

WINNIE came in full of the news of Philip's accident, and Errol rose to leave.

"Will you write to me, Winnie?" he asked: "I shall want to know how Eric is getting on."

"I'll write if you want me to," she replied very doubtfully; "but I write very badly, Mr. Errol. Why must you go home? I wish you could stay with us. Don't you, Mildred?"

"Don't I what?" asked Mildred absently.

"Wish Mr. Errol would stay and spend Christmas with us?"

Errol was speaking to James, but caught himself listening intently for the answer to the child's question.

"It will be more pleasant for Mr. Errol to be with his own relatives."

"A polite way of saying she preferred my room to my company," he thought, as he hurried along the crowded streets. "And yet it is scarcely like her. I cannot think what there is in the girl! I know plenty far prettier, and with more to say for themselves—who would not have answered like that either—and I should not have cared what they said. Whether they wanted me or not, it would have been all the same to me." Half laughing, and yet more annoyed than he cared to own, he turned towards Ericson's door.

And in the room he had just left, Mildred was wondering what had caused the change in his voice and manner, which, though imperceptible to others, she had noticed. The intepretation he had put upon her words never even entered her mind, being, as interpretations often are, as far as possible from the truth. How curiously misunderstandings arise, and from what simple causes.

Ericson was sitting before the fire, buried in thought. He felt out of humour with the whole world, and in no mood for conversation. It would have been difficult, even impossible, for him to analyse his feeling just then.

It is said that every life has its key-note, and, until it is found, our hands can sweep nothing from the strings but saddening discord. Sometimes a louder chord than usual falls upon our ear with sudden sweetness, and our hearts thrill to its music. But as it dies away, a low, jarring vibration tells of one untuned string. There is no harmony but perfect harmony. One discordant note, and the music is spoilt. Yet the key-note is often struck; a master-hand touches it, awakening sweet echoes. Then it rests with us to tune the whole.

A child's hand had touched the untuned string, and Ericson felt the vibration in every mental nerve. He did not acknowledge this; he scarcely knew it. That Winifred's words had left a sting, he was well aware; but why they had done so was a mystery. It was beyond belief that a few childish remarks could shake the equilibrium of his mind. He did not recognize the fact that those remarks had touched a fundamental truth.

It was a relief when Errol sat down to the piano, and dashed off into one of Haydn's symphonies. The rush and swing of the free, glad measure roused him. It seemed full of life and energy, as if its master's hand had infused into the notes some of his own resistless will. From Haydn, Errol passed to Mozart, and over the fifth variation of his well-known "Thema in A" his fingers lingered lovingly. The sweet, tender sounds breathed out a language of their own, and almost unconsciously he drew them forth again and again. It was more than Ericson, in his restless dissatisfaction could bear.

"What do you want to play that dismal thing for?" he exclaimed with irritation. "We might as well have the 'Dead March' at once!"

Errol left the piano, and leaned with absent eyes against the mantel-piece. The music had taken him back to a day in the past—a day when those sweet strains had touched a long-silent chord, and a sense of something wanting in his own life had fallen upon him with overwhelming power—a want felt with none the less force that he was unable to define it. In looking back he understood what it had been, and the contrast between *now* and *then* touched his face with a sudden gleam.

Ericson broke his reverie with an abrupt question: "What time do you start to-morrow?"

"About eleven, I think. Is there anything I can do for you before I go? Winnie is going to report your progress towards convalesence. Take care of yourself, Eric."

The words grated upon Ericson's ear, and he answered, grimly, "If I do not take care of myself, no one else will; that's certain."

"I don't like leaving you," said Errol, looking down upon him with compunction. "I am afraid you will not be able to go to the Darylls' on Christmas Day."

"Perhaps, they will come to me, then, instead," was the sarcastic reply; "I think I had better ask them."

"They will be sure to look after you. Winnie is in a state of misery because you have no one to nurse you."

"Bless the dear child! We were rather too much for her to-night, James and I."

"It is a good thing she has such a sweet temper. She takes any amount of chaff."

"It wasn't chaff to-night," said Ericson lightly. "It was the old question, 'Where do the wicked go when they die?' I am afraid she thinks that Daryll and I are in for it."

Looking up, he met Errol's eyes, grave and sober. The mocking smile faded away, and, after a moment's hesitation, he stretched out his hand. "I beg your pardon, Charlie; it is scarcely good form to run tilt against anyone's religious prejudices."

"It is no question of good or bad form between you and me, Eric," answered Errol, quietly. "Leave such terms for the world. Our friendship has stood many tests; surely it can stand one more—that of antagonistic religious principles. You believe one thing, I another. So be it, till we have learned to think alike."

"Which will be never."

"Which will be in God's own time."

"A fatalist, Charlie?" asked Ericson, incredulously.

"Of all miserable creeds, the fatalist's is the worst! Preseve me from it!" answered Errol.

"And yet, practically, it is yours. You say that in God's own time we shall think alike; which means, I suppose, that I shall be brought to your views, not you to mine. Now, does not that imply a belief, on your part, that my life is already mapped out by

unalterable laws, over the decrees of which I have no control? I have got you in a corner now, my boy."

"*Have* you? That your life is mapped out is true in one sense. It is mapped out in God's mind by His foreknowledge of your course of action, that is all. He has ordained certain influences to be brought to bear upon you. Whether you yield to them or not, is your own look-out."

"And how about God's own time?"

"Merely the time when His foreknowledge shows Him that you will yield to one of those ordained influences."

"You have managed to get out of the corner," said Ericson, laughing. "Then I am to understand that you allow free agency?"

"Certainly; we resolve our own line of conduct day by day. I prefer to work in accordance with laws which my reason asserts to be just and holy."

"Well, go on. How do I work?"

"Ericson, you are a mystery to me!" cried Errol impulsively. "Your whole life shows me that you approve the Gospel laws, and yet you refuse allegiance to the Lawgiver. Why such a nature as yours cannot see the beauty of God's character, I cannot understand. You are ready enough to yield admiration to any display of human superiority."

"And when I recognize other than human superiority, I will willingly yield allegiance and respect."

The enforced idleness of the next few days chafed Ericson's active spirit, and he was glad of almost any companionship to take him out of himself. Being an invalid was a new experience, and one that he failed to appreciate. Winifred proved a most devoted nurse, and waited upon her one-handed Philip with amusing little airs of motherly solicitude. He liked to have her with him; it was such a novelty to be tended by the hands of love.

On Christmas Eve he helped her with her letter to Errol, and between them they drew up an epistle which sent Charlie into fits of laughter. There was a strong vein of humour underlying Ericson's grave exterior, little suspected by the outer circle of his acquaintance. James and Errol alone knew what he could be in congenial society.

Altogether those few days were not unpleasantly spent. James

ran in and out on his way to and from the hospital, and every evening retailed the news of the day. Those quiet chats gave each a fuller knowledge of the other's character, and gradually overthrew the slight barrier of reserve which had hitherto existed between them. For the first time Errol's change of religious principles was freely discussed. It had taken them so completely by surprise that at first they had scarcely realized it. Now it was a fact beyond doubt. Errol's religion shone in his life, and they were forced to admit its actual reality and presence.

And while they were criticising him and his opinions Errol was doing precisely the same thing with regard to them. Sitting in his mother's cosy little parlour he was talking to her of the past few months, with their attendant train of events.

"I wish you lived in London, mother. I should like you to see them all, Eric and the Darylls. You would take a fancy to Mildred and Winnie, I know; they are just your sort. As for Ericson and James, you have heard so much of them that you must feel they are old acquaintances already."

"So I do. I have sometimes wondered if the old terms of friendship were kept up, your views being so diametrically opposed to theirs."

"It would take more than that to shake our friendship, mother. Of course it is at rather a disadvantage now. There is not the complete unity of opinion that there used to be between us on all important subjects. Still, that may come in time, and before long, perhaps. Now that they are fairly roused, as I believe they are, they will never rest till they have found a solution of the problem."

"And this Mildred, tell me about her. Is she pretty?"

Errol laughed. "I knew that would come; I was expecting it. It is always the first question one woman asks about another. Yes, mother; she is very pretty, and something else."

"What?"

"Lovable-looking, which is more than can be said of all pretty girls. Now you want to know if she is engaged, don't you? Woman's question number two."

"Impudent boy! I think that question concerns you far more than me."

"Here is her photograph; tell me what you think of it."

"It is a sweet face," said Mrs. Errol, after a minute's critical scrutiny at the carte. "I like it, Charlie; there is something so restful in the expression."

"That is just what I wanted to say, mother, but could not hit upon the right word."

"Charlie, take care!"

His face flushed as she uttered the words, in a half-joking tone. "There's no danger," he said lightly. "Mildred Daryll is about as indifferent to me as it is possible to be."

Mrs. Errol made no reply, save a smile of incredulity. "How can any one be indifferent to my boy?" was her unspoken thought, as she looked up into the brown eyes, so loving and true.

"Mother," said Charlie, reading the smile aright; "do you suppose everybody thinks of your boy as you do? I wish some people thought of me only half as well."

"Who?" asked Mrs. Errol, quickly. "Mildred?"

"Well, I should not object if she did," he answered, laughing. "How awfully sharp you are to catch a fellow up, mother. I was not thinking of her when I spoke."

CHAPTER VIII.

"We wish you a merry Christmas!" How readily the words rise to the lips, and often with what unconscious mockery! "A merry Christmas!" when the heart that once throbbed in unison with ours is forever stilled! when the eyes that watched for our coming are closed, and the presence which made home, *home*, no longer gladdens our path! "A merry Christmas!" when the hand that clasped ours, giving with its warm sympathetic touch renewed strength for the conflict, is cold and lifeless! when the voice so full of loving comfort is hushed and silent! And yet through the shadow shines a ray of light. Straight from the great white Throne gleams the eternal message, "Not lost, but gone before." In the midst of sorrow's night comes the whisper, "Not dead, but sleeping."

There were no merry Christmas greetings at the Darylls' little

home, though Winnie, with her morning kiss, whispered wishes for a *happy* day.

After breakfast she and James went for a walk, leaving Mildred to write some letters.

Ericson was coming to spend the day with them. He had hesitated to intrude upon their privacy, but they would not hear of leaving him alone, and Winnie almost cried at the very idea.

He arrived just as Mildred directed the last envelope. "You look quite an interesting invalid," she said, as, with his left hand in a sling, he drew a chair to the fire with the other.

"I do not feel interesting, whatever I may look. A one-handed man is an encumbrance to his friends and to himself I scarcely liked to come to-day."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid I shall be a bore—give so much trouble, I mean."

"Why are you always so afraid of giving us trouble, Dr. Ericson? It shows very little confidence in our friendship."

"I know so little of that commodity, Miss Daryll, that I am perhaps ignorant as to how much I ought to expect from it. I do not mean *your* friendship particularly, of course, but friendship generally."

"Has your experience been so unfortunate, then?"

"If I say yes, I am afraid you will quote Emerson, and tell me the only way to have a friend is to be one," he answered, smiling."

"Does Emerson say it? Well, isn't it true?"

"Yes, certainly; and I am not sure that I have earned the right to claim many friends."

"Perhaps you do not care to?"

"Well, no; I do not think I do. One or two true friends are all a man wants."

"And those you have."

"Yes, those I have—at least I think so. Sometimes I am almost inclined to say, quoting Emerson again, that friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be belived."

"I do not understand you, Dr. Ericson. What are James and

Mr. Errol to you, if not friends? I think they at least have earned a right to the name."

"They have, and I concede it willingly. I was referring to the friendship of the world generally, which I have had cause to distrust. However, I have very little to do with it now. Society and I are pretty much strangers to one another. I have been brought up in a bad school.

"Where did you go to school?" asked Mildred, taking his words literally.

"To a master whose whole endeavour was to destroy faith in human nature," he answered quietly; "one who was constantly striving to show some vice shining through every virtue—I mean my uncle and guardian. He was a strange old man, full of bitterness and dislike to all mankind. I spent most of my time with him till I was three-and-twenty, and then he threw me over. That is how it was that I entered the profession so late. He had openly acknowledged me as his heir, having no sons of his own; but I offended him at last. It was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to me. I am responsible to no one now, and am free to do as I like. It suits me better. What do you generally do with yourself on Sunday morning?" he said to Winnie.

"Why, go to chapel, of course!" was the astonished reply. "What else should we do? Mamma used to say it was a duty to go to God's house, unless we were obliged to stay away."

"Well, I will go with you next Sunday morning, if you like," came the unexpected rejoinder; and James stared.

"They go to a dissenting chapel," he cried.

"I will be here in time, Winnie," said Eric."

"What has come to you Eric?" asked James as they walked home that evening. "Fancy you, of all men, calmly listening to a tirade against us miserable sinners, such as you hear at chapel!"

"Listening won't hurt me. At any rate, Errol and your sisters seem to be none the worse for dissenting doctrine."

"What are you going for, Eric? Merely to please that child?"

"Partly; partly to see what it is that attracts her and Mildred there."

"You might know without going," said James, scornfully. "What do they teach and preach at that class of places?"

"Exactly what I want to find out. At any rate, it has done something for Charlie."

"Belzise was talking about it at the hospital the other day," said Daryll. "He came up to me with that confounded sneer on his face, and drawled out, 'So your friend Errol has turned Methodist, Mr. Daryll.' You know his manner.

"What did you answer?"

"Told him that not being acquainted with the meaning of the word 'Methodist,' I was unable to give him any information on the subject."

"He calls anyone who has a particle of religion a Methodist. There is some good in almost every Church, no doubt—good of a kind. After all, Daryll, there is a peculiar charm in some people's religion."

"Whose?" asked James, stopping to light his cigar.

"Errol's, for one. But I was thinking more of your sisters' then. Look here, Daryll: would you, if you had your own free-will and choice, take Mildred's and Winnie's trust in God away?"

"Almost the same question Mildred asked me herself the other day," said James, after a pause. "It is a difficult one to answer. If they are happy in that trust, why should I wish to take it away?"

"But if we think they are labouring under a delusion, are we justified in leaving them to it without attempting to undeceive them?"

"What could we give them in exchange?"

"What we have ourselves, and much good might it do them!" answered Ericson, ironically. "They would not thank us!'

"Where ignorance is bliss, and so on."

"Is Errol ignorant?"

"No, and that is the mystery of the thing. We have spoken contemptuously enough of dissent, but if Charlie connects his name with it we are silenced for ever. His very nature and character protect him; it is utterly impossible to connect his name with anything ignoble. Still he may be mistaken, as I believe he is."

"And yet he is the last we should have thought likely to fall into religious error or weakness. It gives the whole thing a new aspect."

"I don't see it," said James, hastily. "Many as strong-minded as Charlie have been deluded."

At that moment a man passing thrust a paper into Daryll's hand. They were close to a lamp, and he held it up to the light. "Believe or die!" met his his eyes, in great staring capitals, and he crumpled it up with a contemptuous laugh.

"Believe or die!" he repeated, scornfully. "Believe what? That we are everything that is vile, and low, and degraded! Rather a tax upon one's powers of imagination! And if we do not believe, we are to die, and to go to the devil! What a glorious doctrine!"

"They take for granted that a man can believe what he likes; or rather what he chooses," said Ericson, cooly. "Conviction does not seem to enter into their calculations. They lay down a theory, and expect implicit belief, irrespective of proof. It is all very well for people who don't want the trouble of thinking it out for themselves, but a simple impossibility for us."

"So Errol would have said six months ago."

At Ericson's door they parted, and Daryll strolled home alone.

"So ends the Christmas Day of this year," he thought, as he turned the latch-key. "I wonder what will have happened by this day twelvemonth. I suppose I shall not be here. Errol and I will have to be up to something soon. I hope we shall manage to be together, that's all; Mildred will keep home for us." The last thought brought an involuntary smile. "Master Charlie won't object to that arrangement, I know."

COMPENSATION.

A PATIENT toiling at thy work,
Whate'er that work may be,
Will prove in time, if honest work,
A source of wealth to thee.

Some gain to-day, to-morrow some,
Of money or of thought,
Each of its kind, in lapse of time,
Will stocks increased have brought.

—*B. F. Cabell.*

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.

I.

"FROM one learn all." A brief sketch of the history and the present work of the University of Leipzig may help to the knowledge of German University life in general.

One of the brightest indications of coming dawn, after Europe's long night of ignorance and barbarism, was the rise of the Universities. Through the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, many schools which had long existed in a humbler form, took on the organization of Universities, as those of Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge. In this race, Germany, now so far ahead of all competitors, started late. There was not even a school of any prominence in the Empire, until, in the year 1348, the Emperor Charles IV. founded the University of Prague, on the model of the University of Paris. The University of Vienna followed in 1365.

Perfect peace did not reign at Prague. The foreign members of the University—Saxons, Bavarians, and Poles—being annoyed by what they counted the fanaticism of the Bohemians under Huss, resolved to quit a University which could not secure them tranquility and justice; and forty-six professors and two thousand students abandoned Prague, and took refuge at Leipzig, in May 1409. The Markgraf Friedrich and his brother Wilhelm welcomed them, and gave them two houses for University purposes. The Pope's sanction was secured, a bull was issued, and on the second of December the University was solemnly inaugurated. Succeeding Popes conferred livings on certain professors, the revenues of which are still enjoyed. New professors and new buildings were added, and so, under the smile of both Church and State, the University prospered.

Those early times were times of blood and outrage, private war (*Faustrecht*), and general rudeness, when might was right, and all men and all bodies of men needed to look well to their own interests. Hence the necessity of some strong and imposing government for the University. Moreover, it seemed but

fair that every man should be tried by his peers; and men of letters then formed a class entirely by themselves. Accordingly, from the first, the University enjoyed immunity from civil control, and exercised independent jurisdiction over all its members, so long as they remained in the city and kept up their connection with the University. This state of affairs tended to maintain the *esprit de corps*, and to give to learning a higher social position. The University made its own laws and held its own courts, and the Rector and his councillors had the right of executing those laws. In the present century, the jurisdiction of the University has been greatly limited, and now extends over only the students actually in attendance, and that in regard only to breaches of academic discipline and civil law. Criminal cases are now under the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals. But even still, the University is a little state within the state. The student is, within certain limits, a foreigner amid the city population, and enjoys a greater degree of freedom from restraint than any other student the wide world over. The professors have nothing to do with discipline. They treat the students not as school-boys, but as gentlemen and equals; and, being so treated, the students behave most decorously in the lecture-rooms and on the streets. Any breach of University discipline is reported by the beadle directly to the University Court. A policeman arresting a student on the street for a civil offence, must hand him over to the University authorities, who have authority to punish with fine, imprisonment, or expulsion. I have not unfrequently seen faces peering out through the iron bars of an upper room, the University *Carcer*, where some luckless wights were expiating a reckless frolic in duress vile.

The Reformation marks an era in the history of the University. After a severe struggle, the University, in 1539, cast in its lot with the Lutherans. Elector Moritz became a second founder. "I shall treat the University in a manner which will prove my love to it," said he; and against all remonstrance he stood firm, and answered: "I have said it, I have written it, and I will stick to it." He endowed the University with large revenues from certain monasteries; saved the monastic libraries, and sent them to form the nucleus of a University library, which now counts 500,000 volumes; founded the refectory (*Convictorium*), where several hundred poor students are provided

daily with dinner and supper; and, finally, handed over to the University the spacious buildings of the monastery of St. Paul, in Leipzig. The Monastery Church (*Paulinerkirche*), which was finished and dedicated to St. Paul by the Dominicans as early as the year 1240, was now devoted to public meetings and other general University purposes, until, in 1710, it was restored to its proper use, and became the University Church, under the charge of the Theological Faculty. It is noteworthy that the infamous Tetzel, to whom the whole world indirectly owes so much, took refuge in this monastery, and was buried in this church, although the exact spot where he lies cannot with certainty be pointed out.

Additions have been made, from time to time, to the old monastic buildings, until now a great irregular pile, connected by gloomy passages, and opening on large courtyards, stretches through from street to street, near the centre of the city. The handsome front of the *Augusteum*, as the main edifice is called, looks out upon the broad *Augustus Platz*. Entering by the main door of this building, you go through three passages, one of which is still decorated with half-faded pictures painted centuries ago by the monks. You traverse two courts surrounded by numerous lofty, separate, unsymmetrical buildings, you ascend steep flights of stairs, and so you reach the various lecture rooms, the halls, the library, the reading-room of the University. The rooms are bare and gaunt, and unattractive enough. They are furnished with long, rough benches and desks. The benches have no backs; you are supposed to be leaning forward on the desk before you taking notes. If you grow tired of writing or of sitting bolt upright, there is nothing for it but to lean contentedly against the sharp edge of the desk behind you. Other more modern and more comfortable buildings, for certain scientific departments and for various museums, have been erected in other parts of the city. But the attractions of a German University are intellectual rather than material. In Leipzig they consist of the magnificent lectures of one hundred and seventy eminent professors and *Privatdocenten*. And so powerful are such attractions in Germany that for 1882 there are reported about 3,500 students in the dingy and uncomfortable rooms of the University of Leipzig.

Since the Reformation the whole organization and spirit of the University have been gradually but greatly modified. In the earliest days of its history, means of communication were poor; the students felt themselves very far from home; and therefore the members of the various nationalities banded together, and the whole body of students and professors were divided into four "nations," as follows: I. Saxon, including most of North Germany. II. Misnian, including Thuringia. III. Bavarian, including South Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and England. IV. Polish, including Silesia, Prussia, Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, and Russia. And so for centuries the government of the University, and the control of its revenues, was vested in many small bodies, connected in one way or another with the division into nations, loosely bound together by University ties, and presided over by the Rector. Each faculty had independent power to fill up vacancies on its staff of professors.

In this constitution there was a great lack of unity, and consequently of energy and progress; and University affairs were managed very arbitrarily and very inefficiently. This antiquated constitution, peculiar among the Universities of Germany, was altered about fifty years ago. Pecuniary necessities led the University authorities to sue for state aid, and to submit to state reform. The administration of the funds of the University, now largely augmented by direct contributions from the state, came under the control of the Saxon government, with the co-operation of a financial committee of the University. The division into nations was abolished, and only that into faculties retained. The general University affairs are managed by a Convocation of ordinary and extraordinary professors, which annually chooses the Rector, a University Board, a Senate, a Financial Committee, and a University Court. The affairs of the several faculties are managed by the ordinary professors and the annually appointed Dean of each faculty.

Not only in organization, but also in spirit, has a great change come. And what is true in this latter respect of Leipzig, is true of German Universities in general. Originally the students pursued subjects of general culture in the earlier years of their course, as in English and American Universities to-day, and only in the latter part of the course special or professional subjects. But

gradually this has all changed. Science has been split up into specialties. Men are needed of special knowledge and skill in all the departments of all professions. Philosophic generalization is not so much demanded as detailed investigation. And so the course of study has been modified, until now the general basis of a generous culture is presupposed before University work begins, and upon that basis students build, from the first hour of their University life, the study of separate and specialized departments; and the idea of the German University has come to be that of a union of teachers and students in *all* sciences, a commonwealth of knowledge, in which the professors have the utmost freedom of investigation and instruction (*Lehrfreiheit*), and the students the most unshackled liberty to learn (*Lernfreiheit*), in order that men may be prepared in the most thorough manner for independent thought, patient and accurate research, and successful life.

The basis of general culture, absolutely necessary before such University work is possible, is secured in the *Gymnasium*, a school which combines the work of our High Schools and our Universities. In order to matriculate in a University, a young man must present a certificate of having passed the final examination of a gymnasium. This examination, presupposing ordinary familiarity with History, Geography, and all primary subjects, covers Biblical History and Doctrine, Mathematics, Natural Sciences (Chemistry, Physics, and Botany), Latin (Latin conversation, Latin composition, and *ad aperturam* translation, as well as translation from specified works), Greek and French. Very many also study English. The standard in this examination is high. Few ever reach it without a nine years' course at the Gymnasium, after leaving the primary school; and those who do reach it will be found better trained in the subjects covered than the mass of the graduates of our American and Canadian Universities.

The matriculant having chosen his faculty, has full liberty to select his lecturers and his lectures. A man, therefore, who drones in his professorial chair will lack both students and the fees which students would bring to him. The competition is not, as with us—through our system of frequent examinations, of honours, scholarships, prizes, and medals—among the students, but among the professors, where it ought to be. New blood is

constantly infused into the various faculties. Any aspirant after distinction in University work, if he can but satisfy the authorities of his adequate scholarship and ability, gets permission to teach, has rooms and hours assigned him, announces lectures on any subject in his department, attendance upon which will count for the student equally with attendance upon the lectures of the University professors, and so as *Privatdocent* enters into competition with the professors, and if he succeeds in displaying original power and in gathering students, has the almost certain prospect of speedy election to a professorship himself, if not in his own University, in some other. Moreover, the student is perfectly free to go from University to University without loss of standing, and so may hear in a few years all the most eminent men in Germany on his special subject. The only restriction is that he must attend at least a single course of lectures each term (*Semester*) for at least three years. This free competition between the Universities and within each University keeps up the highest possible standard of excellence, and, combined with the unshackled liberty of thought and expression, makes the professors enthusiasts in original research, and the Universities the very centre and soul of the whole intellectual life of Germany.

There are no examinations until a student goes up for a degree. A large proportion of the students never graduate. They content themselves, after their three years' course, with passing the rigid examination prescribed by the State for entrance into one or other of the professions. Excellence in scientific pursuits is the passport to all success in the higher ranks of life in Germany. Make it so anywhere, and you soon raise the educational tone of the country. If a degree is sought, the student hands in his book of attendance upon lectures, with the signature of the professors to attest his attendance upon the required course of lectures. Then a subject in his special department is assigned him for a thesis. The professors, in their own researches, are continually meeting with knotty points suitable for such purposes, and note them, and give them out as subjects for theses. The main requirement in the thesis is not literary finish, but originality of research. The Germans honour the man who can add something, if it be but a little, to

the general stock of information. Two hundred copies of the thesis must be printed at the expense of the candidate and furnished to the University, which distributes them to all the libraries of the Empire. If the thesis be of any value, discussions on it ensue in the periodicals; the candidate is prompted to defend his position by further investigation and publication; success in such an attempt brings a man into public notice, and introduces him to the best society; and the stimulus given by this system of original thought and careful research in every branch of study is simply incalculable. This spirit may go too far, and love of novelty take the place of pure love of truth. It is quite possible, for instance, that some German scholars have come to the study of the Bible and Christianity not so much with a desire to find out the whole truth concerning them as with a consuming ambition to make some new point, to establish some startling theory, and so to secure a high reputation for themselves. And yet there is, to say the least, as great a love of truth among German scholars as anywhere else.

If the thesis be approved, day and hour are set for examination before two or three professors, on subjects cognate to that of the thesis. The examination of each candidate is private, separate, and *viva voce*, occupies several hours, and is made a fair but thorough test of scholarship and ability. Passing these two well-guarded gates, the candidate enters the fields of recognized attainments, receives the diploma of Ph. D., and is hailed henceforth as "Herr Doctor."

In the early days of the University, professors and students lived together. The Reformation broke up this custom, as the professors were no longer celibates. And now such a thing as a college residence is unknown; students get rooms where they please, and generally take their meals at restaurants. The expense of living is about the same as at a Canadian University. The students lack athletic sports, and their chief amusements are drinking and duelling. The latter is not half so formidable or heroic a thing as the word suggests to us. Iron spectacles protect the eyes, big black stocks cover the throat, the whole form is swathed and padded, and the only vulnerable part is the face, from which the object seems to be to draw as much blood as possible with the *Schlager*—a long thin sword with bas-

ket-hilt, dull edge, and sharp point. Occasionally, however, a point may pierce and inflict a fatal wound; or a duel may be fought with more dangerous weapons. On the streets of Leipzig I saw many a young fellow with scarred or bandaged face. These marks were the insignia of honour. This duelling is kept up not because the German students are specially quarrelsome, for they seem to be as quiet, polite, and hard-working a set of men as you will find anywhere, but simply because it is the one recognized test of athletic skill, and the one means of settling rivalries between the various University corps.

UNSEEN.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

ONCE in that splendid temple of old time,
'Mid strife and bloodshed, martial clang and din,
'Mid cry of doom, and anguish sore, and crime,
The spoiler entered in.

He gazed with curious eyes on all around,
His eager feet on white-laid marble trod,
He looked on gold and cedar, but he found
No carved or sculptured god.

And laughed a little in bewildered scorn
At this grand temple where he could not see
Aught for the worship of one heathen born,
To mark the Deity.

Invisible in His vast temple free
He reigneth still, and spread from sky to sod
His glorious works, yet darkened eyes but see
A temple and no God.

And scoffing laugh in drear amaze and scorn,
Seeing such beauty rest on flower-decked sod,
Crying as did of old the heathen-born,
"Empty, I see no God!"

God, who prepares His work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments.

AGNOSTICISM AT THE GRAVE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

On the 22nd of December, 1880, Mrs. Cross, better known as "George Eliot,' passed away in her sixtieth year. With her, the voice of a great writer faded into the silence of death. For a number of years this famous woman, by her literary labours, won for herself a large share of attention and praise in almost every circle of society. While comparatively young she went to London, and soon acquired some distinction as a writer in the *Westminster Review,* and afterwards as the translator of Strauss's "Life of Christ," a book that has already had its day, and which is now disowned by the very school that gave it a warm and enthusiastic reception when it first appeared.

The influence which such men as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, and many others of the same sceptical type of thought, exercised on her mind was so great that she appears to have left, at the commencement of her career as a writer, the foundations of revealed religion, and during the subsequent years to have lived, and, as far as can be ascertained, to have died, in sympathy with the teachings of that school which excludes a personal God, and is practically of a materialistic and faithless kind.

This gifted woman laid her life's work down and passed away, uncheered by the blessed hopes and consolations which the Christian religion alone can inspire. It is, however, to her funeral that we wish to call attention, and to the group of distinguished admirers and friends that gathered around her grave. In that distinguished company of mourners were found the chief authorities and representatives of modern unbelief, and the men who have made giant efforts to uproot and shatter the hopes and foundations of the Christian faith. Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and a large number of others of the same faith, or no-faith, were assembled on that occasion, to bid a final adieu to a great associate and friend. On good authority we are told that the exercises in connection with that funeral were, to a great extent, under the direction and control of the distinguished individuals just named. For the

words spoken and the prayer offered they were principally responsible. It is deeply significant to observe the position assumed by those masters of unbelief on that memorable and impressive occasion. Here is an excellent opportunity for a plain and undisguised exhibition of scientific consistency, and, of course, those brave and fearless men will certainly not allow a rare occasion like this to pass away, without illustrating the practical outcome of those teachings which they are spending their talents and lives to spread broadcast among their fellows.

In the actual presence of death, and that newly opened grave, ready to receive the mortal remains of their illustrious compeer, how do they act? What position do those apostles of modern doubt and denial now assume? Surely those men, who have spoken of the cherished hopes of millions with a freezing and heartless unconcern, and who have been brazen enough to attack the foundations of the Christian faith, will not shrink from announcing and applying the principles which they propose as a substitute for that religion which they have persistently endeavoured to destroy. What we have now a right to expect, in the presence of an opportunity like the one under consideration, is a scientific and logical consistency from men who have had much to say about the absence of this most desirable element in departments other than their own. As they stood on that cold December day, with uncovered heads, around that famous grave, and with an observing and curious world looking quietly on, an address something like the following might certainly and reasonably have been expected from some one member of that distinguished throng:

"Dear Friends.—We stand to-day in the presence of a solemn and universal fact. Death has hushed into a deep and unbroken silence a voice we all have loved to hear. A great light has suddenly been extinguished, and we are left to mourn for one who has passed from our sight to return no more forever. Having abandoned the teachings and hopes of the venerable and popular religion, we kindle no resurrection light upon this grave, but around it we weave the crape of a bitter bereavement, and of a cold and sad despair. It is useless, however, to grieve too much, for the laws of nature move on with resistless and pitiless sweep, and steal away the objects of our tenderest love. We will act like men under life's crushing calamities and sorrows,

and, with a commanding resignation, bow to the omnipotent forces which surround us, and like iron bands of mystery baffle and bewilder us on every side. It is also useless to pray, for we have no assurance that any being will hear our lone and piteous cry. That a Supreme Intelligence exists is, we admit, an abstract possibility; but, as far as our own investigations have led us, we can only speak of such a power as the 'Inscrutable Secret,' 'the Unconditioned and Unknown,' and, therefore, we conclude that we are orphans in a fatherless, friendless, Godless world.

"As to the future of our dear friend, we have nothing to say. The cold arms of death embrace her now, and our teachings and speculations lead us to the sad conviction that this grave is the final and everlasting terminus of our illustrious associate and friend. Though her influence may spread itself for generations, like the calm, sweet morning of a summer's day, we believe that her conscious personal existence has been annihilated, never to be built up again. All that our philosophy permits us to say is that our friend has reached the climax of her development, the possibilities of her existence have been realized, and from the summit of splendid intellectual achievements, she has fallen into the deep, vast darkness of an unconscious and unending night. She has doubtless melted away into the infinite azure of the past. The operations of Nature are severe, and in many ways profoundly mysterious, for she tosses her creatures out of nothingness and into nothingness again, and tells them not whence they came, or whither they go. She wraps man in darkness, and makes him ever long for the light. We are the poor, helpless victims of pitiless and remorseless Law, and we stand appalled at life's mysteries; and the solitude and silence of death, and the infinite spaces above us, fill us with a wonder which we cannot satisfy, and grief which we cannot soothe. Gathered friends, our parting, tearful words to our buried companion are, 'We leave thee, great and dear friend, "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot," and with pained yet fearless hearts go on our way.'"

Was anything like this address delivered on that occasion by that scientific company, as they gathered around that pathetic patch of earth in which all that was mortal of that distinguished woman was laid? In the records of that funeral scene we look in vain for anything of the kind. A clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Sadler, selected and appointed by those very men to perform the

final rites, came forward, and with solemn, impressive voice broke the oppressive silence, and uttered the following words :—

"My fellow-mourners, not with earthly affections only, but also with heavenly hopes, let us fulfil this duty now laid upon us. As the noblest lives are the truest, so are the loftiest faiths. It would be strange if she should have created immortal things, and yet be no more than mortal herself. It would be strange if names and influences should be immortal, and not the souls which gave them immortality. No! the love and grief at parting are prophecies, and clinging memories are an abiding pledge, of a better life to come. So, then, we take home the words of Christ: 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions.'

"Great and beloved friend, we bid thee farewell, but only for a little while till death shall come again and unite forever those whom he has separated for a time." Then followed the prayer, with the benediction: "Now may He who hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, comfort our hearts, and establish us in every good word and work."

Now this action, performed before the gaze of the world, means one of two things which we do well to note. It was either a cruel and heartless mockery, prearranged, or a practical public acknowledgement of the fundamental teachings of that religion which those leaders of modern unbelief have for years done all they could to uproot and destroy.

We cannot think that those men went to that grave with a fixed determination to countenance what they regarded as a meaningless, huge delusion and sham, and by this unmanly conduct profane and insult the memory of their cherished friend, when from the voiceless lips of the dead there could come no word of reply. Surely their position presents a paradox which it is not difficult to explain. Agnosticism at the grave is utterly impotent; and yet death is in our world as much a fact and experience as life. Here we have but one instance out of a multitude, illustrating to what illogical straits men of purely materialistic principles are driven.

As one has well said, the logic of death and the grave is mightier than the speculations of men, no matter how startling those speculations may be. For once those scientific characters fail to be consistent. All that they have previously written, so

far as attacking the vital questions of religion are concerned, is practically set aside, and the scene under review carries with it a voice and meaning which speak loudly of the utter helplessness of unbelief in the hours of our greatest need. The confessions of men who have played a prominent part in giving influence and shape to theories of a materialistic and pantheistic kind, are worthy of widespread attention, and carry with them a significance which we do well to note. Though the individuals referred to stoutly rebel against what they are pleased to call the "East wind of authority" and the "sloppy talk of sentimentalists," they cannot but acknowledge the incompleteness of all their speculations and hypotheses to reach and cover all the great wants connected with our existence, in the various stages of its wondrous development.

Tyndall himself has said that "no atheistic reasoning can dislodge religion from the heart of man. Logic cannot deprive us of life; and religion is life to the religious. The logical feebleness of physical science is not sufficiently borne in mind." Again he says, that "Behind and above and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution." In his first preface, in which he seems to give expression to true and genuine feeling, he says, "I have noticed, during years of self-observation, that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that this doctrine (that of material atheism) commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part."

Huxley on a certain occasion said, "Have I not given my testimony that the religious sentiments are the noblest and most humane of man's emotions?" On another occasion he surprised his hearers by saying, "I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophic error." Darwin, too, acknowledged that the question respecting the existence of a Creator and Ruler of the universe has been answered in the affirmative "by the highest intellects that ever lived." Herbert Spencer has also confessed, "That the Atheistic theory is not only absolutely unthinkable, but even if it were thinkable, would offer no solution of life and the universe in which that life is found." The language of Mr. George J. Holy-

oke, the English sceptic, in spite of his downright unbelief, admits his strong yearning for another life. In one of the most touching passages in his writings he speaks of his strong desire for another life, in which he should enjoy again the society of his daughter, lost to him—according to his theory—for ever. His words are: "'My dada's coming to see me,' Madeline exclaimed on the night of her death, with that full, pure, and thrilling tone which marked her when in health. 'I am sure he is coming to-night, mamma;' and then, remembering that that could not be, she said, 'Write to him, mamma; he will come to see me.' And these were the last words that she uttered; and all that remains now is the memory of that cheerless, fireless room, and the midnight reverberation of that voice which I would give a new world to hear again. Yes," he says, "I shall be pleased to find a life after this; a future life, bringing with it the admission to such a companionship, would be a noble joy to contemplate." But his position of unbelief slays all such expectation, and shrouds them in the habiliments of a despair dark and dreary as the very regions of the dead. Thomas Cooper, when his mind was beclouded by doubts and under the malignant dominion of a godless infidelity, penned the following lines as he contemplated the land of annihilation to which he fancied himself moving. He exclaims:

> "Farewell, grand Sun! How my weak heart revolts
> At that appalling thought—that my last look
> At thy great light must come! O, I could brook
> The dungeon, though eterne! the priests' own hell,
> Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought, unshook,
> Rather than Nothingness! And yet the knell,
> I fear, is near that sounds—To Consciousness, farewell!"

The gracious hand that saved the sinking disciple has been stretched forth toward the last named writer, and from the deluge of darkness and mental agony he has been saved by the same redeeming and loving power. The emptiness and cruel mockeries of infidelity have in the past been the means of turning honest minds away from its teachings with utter disgust, and leading them to a religion "which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Many strong men who once championed the incipient stages of unbelief, seeing the abyss of despair to which those pathways inevitably lead, have gladly relinquished

a career so destructive, and embraced the revelation of that Book which alone affords a kindly shelter from the calamities and sorrows of this earthly scene. A London journal states that "of twenty infidel lecturers and writers who have been prominent in the last thirty years, sixteen have abandoned their infidelity and openly professed their faith in Christ and their joy in His salvation. Agnosticism and the whole brood of infidelity are not only speechless at the grave, but they are also impotent when confronted with the facts and experiences of life, full of piercing agony, and evermore asking for some gracious voice to rend the mystery, and utter the healing, comforting word.

From an ever growing abundance of evidence, it is clear that the doubt and infidelity of the present is only an eddy in the tide of Christian progress. Not a Church has become vacant, not a congregation of Christians dispersed, not a single beneficent organization of Christendom overthrown, or any part of the Christian system injured by all the hosts of unbelief which have arrayed themselves in opposition. The ultimate victory of materialism, and of every school which propounds the teachings of a godless infidelity, is only a poor and baseless dream. The best instincts of humanity, the great stretches of the world's want and sorrow, the profound facts of life and death, the unkilled and imperishable anticipations of the best and noblest of the race as to the future, the universal ideas and conceptions of the great spiritualities above us which even the lowest conditions of barbarism cannot utterly smother or destroy, the incompleteness of an unbelieving science or philosophy to cover man's existence and his needs,—all, all are indestructible guarantees and pledges that that religion which can speak to us of the seen and unseen, of the present and future, and answer many of the burning questions which gather around our life and death, will live on and on until its mission is accomplished and its Divine and glorious work on earth is done.

Gagetown, N. B.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Faith's Senses.

BY R. W. WILSON, M.A., LL.B., COBOURG, ONT.

Faith's eye can see a happy time
When sorrow shall be lost in joy ;
Faith bears us to a peaceful clime
Where blinding storms no more annoy.

Faith views beyond the threat'ning cloud
A sea of crystalline delight ;
Gloom throws a momentary shroud,
But faith sees day 'mid dark'ning night.

Faith never loses from its sight
A golden crown, a tuneful harp,
Faith never falters from the right,
Though sceptics sneer and critics carp.

Faith feels within its nervous grasp,
A never-failing golden link,
That ends in heavenly portal's clasp,
And holds up souls that else would sink.

Faith by its deep discernment knows
The small and great, the false and true ;
It lifts the gauze that fashion throws
Upon her slaves like pendent dew.

Faith leaps the years of passing time
And brings the future near at hand ;
Faith hears the rich celestial chime,
That swells on heaven's golden strand.

Faith lifts the soul to higher things
Than those of earth, of time, of space,
And round earth's fading beauty flings
A halo of refulgent grace.

Faith wings its bright illumined way
To realms where all is joy and peace,
Where night is lost in lasting day,
And weary workers find release.

Faith gives the power to tender minds,
To bear the pain that good may flow,
From seeming ill and 'mid the winds
To hear some promise whispered low.

Faith keeps the soul forever young
By faith renewed it ne'er grows old,
Though all life's changes have been rung,
And all life's seasons have been told.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. E. HURLBURT.

From Matthew's Gospel, chapter iv., we learn that the temptation of Christ by the Devil in the wilderness followed immediately after His baptism. As no one was there to write the account of the temptation, the disciples must have learned of the Saviour's conflict with the Devil from Jesus Himself.

Was not Christ tempted to sin? If not, how can He be an example to His people in His resisting temptation? From Heb. iv. 15, we learn that He was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He did no sin. But Christ had a human nature,—He was man. The true humanity of the Son of God is as fundamental an article of the Christian creed as Christ's divinity. He was truly and literally man. True, there was not in Him the fountain of evil, but Jesus was like ourselves in all points, sinfulness only and always excepted. His flesh could be lacerated by stripes, wasted by hunger, and torn by nails. His soul could be assaulted by the Devil. He could suffer everything which we can suffer except the remorse of a guilty conscience. He could weep as we can weep; He could fear with every fear, hope with every hope, and rejoice with every joy which we may entertain as men, and not be ashamed of as Christians. The only Redeemer who can redeem our lost humanity, must be our kinsman; and no being is our kinsman who is not of the same nature. Our brother in all things—sin always accepted—"being found in fashion as a man."

Did not Christ, then, as man, suffer in the wilderness? Suffering is a question of nature. The temptation of Christ comes down to us an historic fact, and a doctrine of great importance.

Could Christ, during the temptation in the wilderness, have been overcome? There was in the temptation that which, from its very nature, was designed by the Devil to put to trial, to try to persuade to evil, the man Christ Jesus. If we limit the answer to this query entirely to the human side of Christ's nature, which human nature was not infinite, we would say it was fearfully possible for Jesus to have been overthrown in the wilderness. If it was *not* possible, then the question may arise,

Where is the force of His example to His people in times of temptation? The human nature of Jesus was not an *infinite nature;* and as it was the humanity of Jesus which was tempted, and Jesus, as a perfect man, was a free agent, a free created power, a power conscious of originating a free action, there was the principle, or right, or power of liberty, enjoyed by Jesus as a perfect free agent; and as a free agent he could not be absolutely independent. His very liberty was tempted, or tried and tested, Then if sin was not possible, neither was liberty of action possible.

If we take from the man Jesus, the power of choosing between obedience and revolt, do we not then destroy the freedom of the man Jesus? But there was in the man Jesus that spirit of perfect trust in God, which rendered the temptation of the Devil utterly futile. If we look strictly to the human side of Jesus, we see He was exposed to the danger of being overcome; but if we look at this spirit of trust in God, it was impossible that Jesus should fall. Hence the example to His people, to always trust in the God revealed in Christ Jesus.

Emotional Feeling.

I have a strong conviction that our sermons should be more and more marked by deep Christian *feeling.* The subject is one of extreme delicacy, without question; for nothing is more odious than an affectation of pathos, and nothing more likely to be resented than an artificial attempt upon the emotions of our hearers. You will not, however, understand me as advocating any thing so hypocritical and abominable, so I need not waste your time in fencing my position. I wish to draw your attention to the suggesion, that the emotion of our sermons is not equal to their information. At this moment, for example, there is lying before me a volume of really able sermons, in which I have not found one touch of natural pathos. The sentences have been carefully constructed; there is no appearance of any word having been hastily adopted; the logic is good; the theology is sound; yet it would almost appear that either the preacher had no heart, or he preached to hearers who had none. Throughout the whole production there is a cold scholastic air; and in the effort after scientific precision the emotions have been quite over-

looked. Surely, this is not *Christian* preaching; it is vigorous and even eloquent talk *about* Christianity, but the spirit of sympathy, tenderness, and anxious importunity is not in it; the anatomy is good, but where is the loving and earnest *life?* There is, too, in these sermons a decidedly controversial tone; the preacher is always on the defensive; an evil spirit seems to be looking at him, and constantly threatening an assault; consequently the spirit of criticism is excited in the hearers, and one feels tempted to say, "Well, if he is going to be so desperately logical as all this, we must watch for his tripping." The hearer is never allowed to *rest;* his anxieties are stimulated; and even when the preacher ventures to assure him that the ground is safe, he gives the assurance in a tone which suggests that, after all, there is a little reason for uneasiness. In this way the Gospel ceases to be good tidings, and becomes an unprofitable controversy.—*From "Ad Clerum," by Dr. J. Parker.*

Affliction.

How consoling to the true believer is the sweet assurance of the royal Psalmist, "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His testimonies."

David was a tried saint. He had often been called to pass through the furnace of affliction; and always found himself the better for his trials.

In the 119th Psalm he says: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes;" and he adds; "Thou art good and doest good; teach me Thy statutes;"—thus acknowledging the goodness of God, in not leaving him to follow the devices and desires of his own deceitful heart. *Sanctified* affliction can bend the stubborn will, and bring us to the frame and temper of little children.

In affliction we can often detect the sin which most easily besets us. This sin is the most difficult to find out, on account of its nature. We have, therefore, cause to bless God for showing us the accursed thing, and wherefore He contendeth with us.

In affliction we obtain clear views of the insufficiency of all earthly things. A dark shade is thrown over the smiling scenes of busy life. We see the little value of those possessions the attainment of which once appeared so desirable. In affliction we

learn to estimate above all treasures an *assured* interest in Jesus. The blessedness of the believer is then *felt* and acknowledged. The peace of mind and hope of glory, which are the fruits of saving faith, and esteemed more precious than rubies.

Thus, whilst the prosperous worldling, in the midst of his abundance, despises "the hidden manna," the contrite believer extracts sweetness from the "wormwood and the gall." A sweet sense of the Saviour's love, experienced in the soul, renders palatable what is otherwise distasteful to human nature.

How precious, then, is the grace of God! Natural evils are converted into spiritual blessings, when thus sanctified by Divine grace; and without this grace natural blessings become snares and incitements to sin and rebellion.

Let us pray for grace to use both affliction and prosperity *aright*. Jesus will give us this inestimable treasure.—*Recorder.*

If heaven be the world to which we are journeying, holiness will be the way in which we shall walk from day to day; for if we do not love and cherish the spirit of heaven here, we shall never enter heaven itself hereafter.

He Leads Us On.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know.
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know His will His done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past
Will give us rest at last.

THE VANGUARDS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

THE pillar of fire, which is the supernatural vanguard of Christian missions, is the biblical truth that all men are to be judged by the deeds done in the body. Because I do not believe that we are to be judged by the deeds done in any intermediate state, I do believe in missions to all men in their present state. Because I do not believe in probation after death, I do believe in sending missions to all men before their death. I think I know as thoroughly as that I am alive that whoever does not attain similarity of feeling with God cannot be at peace in His presence; and I have seen in nominally Christian lands and in pagan countries millions of whom the cool judgment of science must be that they are acquiring a character dissimilar to that of God. They are living in the love of what God hates, and in the hate of what God loves, and these postures of soul tend to become permanent. It is self-evident that, without deliverance from the love of sin and the guilt of it, there can be no salvation: but it is indisputable that millions of our race, from not beholding God as He is revealed in the Gospels, are failing to obtain this double deliverance. It is a truth of Scripture, as well as of ethical science, that the blood of my brother may cleave to my skirts if I have light which he needs vitally and do not communicate it to Him. All these facts are visible in the coolest scientific view ot the ethical condition of the nations.

It would not be necessary for me to open the Scriptures to make me zealous for missions, because the philanthropic attitude of soul is enough to give us zeal in this particular. There are three hundred millions of women now on this planet who have only the Buddhist hope of being born again as men instead of toads or snakes. There are eighty millions of women in Moslem harems. There are uncounted millions of men and women and children growing up in the most degraded superstitions, and suffering in mind, body, and estate from inherited pagan customs. In the name of mere philanthropy and secular prudence Christian missions ought to receive a support, immediate, abundant, permanent, unflinching.

All that united Protestant Christendom together raises annually for missions would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British Islands for two. At the opening of the century all Protestant Christendom expended only $250,000 annually for missions. It expends to-day $7,500,000 for that purpose. This is a large sum, you think. It is a bagatelle. The dissipations of Saratogas and Newports and Brightons would hardly find this sum worth mentioning in the hugeness of their expenses for self-gratification. The churches are penurious toward missions. We pride ourselves on having paid off great debts, and on having received some mighty legacies for missions; but I believe we shall be, as Ernest Renan says, "an amusing century to future centuries;" and one of the things that will amuse our successors on this planet will, undoubtedly, be our unwarranted self-complacency in this day of small things in missions. In China there is not an ordained missionary to-day for a million people. In the population accessible to the American Board there is as yet only one missionary for some 700,000 inhabitants. Modern Christendom has thrown one pebble into the great ocean of missionary effort, and stands with an amused childish conceit on the shore of history watching the wide ripples produced by that pebble, and supposes that it is reforming the world. Another century will sneer at us for our conceit and our penuriousness.

After a tour around the globe,

during which I met personally more than two hundred missionaries, how shall I summarize what to me, meditating often on this theme in solitude and in company, by sea and by land, appear to be the more important facts, exhibiting our present duty toward Christian missions throughout the world?

1. In Bengal alone, out of a population of sixty-three millions, there are, according to Dr. W. W. Hunter, the government statistican of the Indian Empire, ten millions who suffer hunger whenever the harvest falls short, and thirteen millions who do not know the feeling of a full stomach, except in the mango season.

Apparent poverty is not always real poverty in Asia. Under the tropics poverty does not look as it does with us. But, when you think of families in Southern India whose entire income is fifteen dollars a year; when you think of families in China who regard themselves as very well off if they have sixty dollars a year; when you think of poor widows in India and China subsisting on grains and roots, with only a half dollar a month; when you think what any considerable failure of the harvest may do in India and China, sending millions to death through famine, you must perceive that poverty, in spite of all the qualifications that are to be put upon our ideas when transferred to the East, is one of the kings of terror in the Orient.

2. In populations poverty-stricken and often famished, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, almost alone among the missionary managing bodies of the world, is insisting on large or complete self-support by the native churches.

In Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Canton, Fuhchau, Shanghai, Kobe, Kioto, Tokio, and Yokohama, ten representative cities of Asia, it was my fortune to put to large gatherings of missionaries of all denominations and nationalities a series of questions on the religious condition of India, China, and Japan, and, among them, this inquiry: "Ought native Christians to be encouraged and instructed to give a tenth of their income to the support of their churches?" With not half a dozen exceptions in at least a hundred cases, missionaries outside the field of the American Board replied: "No, not yet"; but missionaries inside the field of the American Board said: "Yes"; and so did the foremost of their pupils and converts. One evening in Bombay, the second city of the British Empire (for Bombay is now larger than Calcutta, or than Glasgow or Liverpool) I was putting a series of written questions to a company of missionaries and civilians, and this question about self-support was among the inquiries. Scotch and English missionaries, one after the other, rose and opposed such a pressure as is brought to bear on native churches by instructing them to give a tenth of their income for the support of their pastor; but, finally, uprose a converted Brahmin from out of the field of the American Board, and, in the most incisive, almost classic English, almost turned the feeling of the company in favour of the American plan. I had a similar experience in many a city, and I found the converts, especially the most intelligent of them, quite as emphatic in defending this system of self-support as the missionaries of the American Board themselves.

3. The American Board has the high respect of all other missionary bodies, because it leads them all, unless we except William Taylor's missions, in applying the principle of self-support. This Board is thought by its compeers in India and China to push this principle almost to an extreme, and is even criticised as too economical in regard to schools, church buildings, and the houses of missionaries.

4. In Japan the middle classes of the population have been reached to a considerable extent by Christian missions, and not a few native churches are already self-supporting. The same is measurably true in some of the older missions of Southern India, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

It is an amazing circumstance that, in 1881, the 1,200 church members belonging to the missions of the United Presbyterian Board in Egypt,

most of them very poor men and women, raised £4,546, or more than $17 each for the support of churches and schools. The Baptists, among the Karens, have done equally well, and have recently contributed money to endow a college. At Kioto I studied with the keenest interest Mr. Neesima's collegiate school, which will one day, I hope, beeome the leading Christian university of the Japanese Empire. It contains at present 150 young men, half of whom are likely to become evangelists to their own people. The total grant in aid from the American Board to this school is only $160 a year. The membership of the 19 native Japanese churches under the care of the American Board of Missions is now about one thousand, of whom more than two hundred were recently received. These members have contributed for Christian purposes over eight dollars each, a sum, as compared with the price of labour, equal to forty dollars in the United States.

5. When the middle class is reached in India at large, and in China, as fully as it has been in Japan, the native churches may be expected to become self-supporting in an equal degree with those of Japan ; but not before.

It is true that there are churches in Japan that have sent back funds to the American Board with the remark : "We need no more assistance." Why, then, should funds be sent to China and to India? The case is different in China and in India from that in Japan, chiefly because in Japan, missions have reached the middle classes more thoroughly than they have in China and in India at large. Even when native churches undertake the support of their own preachers large funds may yet be needed from abroad for schools, printing-presses, and medical missions.

6. The Christian churches of the world should besatisfied with nothing less than sending out one ordained missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world.

In the celebrated Madura Mission, in South India, probably the most effectively managed missionary centre that I personally studied, this proportion of labourers to the population has been the ideal, never attained indeed, but unflinchingly held up as the standard of duty. On the plan of three ordained missionaries to half a million in the foreign field, and one to one thousand in the home field, the whole world might be brought to a knowledge of Christianity within fifty years.

7. No Church ought to call itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend, for the support of missions at large, at least one dollar for every five it expends on itself.

I plant myself on these propositions, which, I believe, have the approval of great secretaries of missions—one missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world ; one dollar to be expended for missions for every five dollars expended for ourselves. The foremost American authority on missions said to me : "Let the churches expend for missions one dollar for every five they expend on themselves, and we may hope to put the Bible into the hands of every son and daughter of the human race within a generation."

8. At present these standards of effort are to be insisted on with the utmost urgency ; for the size of the accessible population of the world is increasing enormously out of proportion to the increase of missionary funds and labourers.

Speaking roundly, a man with the Bible may go anywhere on earth, to-day. Of course there are exceptions to this proposition ; but in the great nations in the semi-civilized countries of the pagan world we may publicly or privately teach the Gospel almost everywhere.

9. Infidelity is occupying the field of the upper and middle classes. Imported unbelief, in many quarters of India, China, and Japan, is as great a danger among educated natives circles as hereditary misbelief.

This proposition seems to me to be of the utmost importance, and is

one on which my experience as a traveller has laid great stress. It has been my fortune to give lectures in the ten cities I have named; but I rarely felt it necessary to attack the hereditary misbeliefs of the audiences. My whole opportunity was, in most cases, used in attacking imported unbelief.

10. The ablest men are needed at the front; and such men have nowhere on earth to-day a wider opportunity for usefulness than in the great cities of India, China, and Japan.

11. Precisely the topics which are most often brought to the front in religious discussions in the Occident, between Christianity and unbelief, are those which are at the front in the Orient.

12. When the whole field is occupied on the plan of one missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible population, the middle and upper classes will be reached and Christian native churches and missions generally become self-supporting.

13. It is evident, therefore, that the longer the churches delay occupying the whole field in this thorough way, the longer will be the effort needed and the greater the expense in the conquest of the world.

Great expenditures now will make great expenditures for missions unnecessary in a near future; but small expenditures now may make great expenditures necessary through a long future. Immense losses to missions have often resulted, and may yet result, from the churches not taking possession of critical hours.

Longfellow, in the last words he ever wrote, exactly described the condition of our earth to-day:

> "Out of the shadows of night
> The world rolls into light,
> It is daybreak everywhere."

God deliver us from dawdling at daybreak!

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Union Movement—Its Progress.

The vote on the proposed Basis of Union, in the Maritime Provinces, has been even more nearly unanimous than that in the West. If some minor features of that Basis, which we believe will be modified by the first General Conference of the united Church, had been eliminated, we feel confident that there would have been scarcely a dissentient vote. Indeed, our Church has been thoroughly committed on the question of union by the memorials and resolutions in its favour of a large proportion of its Quarterly and District Meetings and Annual Conferences, and finally by the almost unanimous resolution of the last General Conference. And unless some grave objections, or more insuperable difficulties exist in the proposed Basis than any that we can discern therein, we record our firm conviction that it could not vindicate the rejection of that Basis before the tribunal of the Christian community of this land and of other lands before which it would stand arraigned.

The duty of the hour is now to cultivate the most cordial relationships among the several branches of the Methodist Church, by means of union prayer-meetings, love-feasts, and exchange of pulpit courtesies. We are glad to observe that this is largely being done—that in several places union revival services have been held and have been greatly owned and blessed of God. Some of the larger churches have been leading the way in this promotion of

Christian fellowship. The present writer had the pleasure, assisted by the Book-Steward of our Church, of taking part in the anniversary services of the Primitive Methodist Church, at Brampton, a stronghold of that denomination. More recently the missionary anniversary sermons, of the Elm Street Church in Toronto, were preached by Dr. Stone, Book-Steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And there are several other similar exchanges of which we have heard. We have reason to know that such Christian courtesies do much good; that they help to break down barriers of prejudice or hostility, and to cultivate more and more the feeling of love and brotherhood, which, by the blessing of God, we believe, will make the approaching unification of Canadian Methodism an era of great spiritual prosperity to the entire Church. Thank God, the time is passing when the sneer of the infidel: "See how these Christians *hate* one another," could be in any degree justified. Thank God, that the time has come for the larger confirmation of the testimony, even of the worldling and unbeliever: "See how these Christians love one another."

That Churches which have been separated, for more than one generation, by differences which were thought by many of their adherents to be of vital importance, should be led to make large mutual concessions for the sake of Christian unity; and that men who have had enfibred into their very nature strong personal attachments and mental preferences, and even convictions, should be willing to make the sacrifice of their private feelings for the greater good of the whole and of future generations, is a demonstration of the power of Christian principle that must challenge the admiration of even the infidel and gain-sayer. As the *Christian Guardian* has truly remarked, not the least of the advantages of the proposed Union will be, "the presentation to the world "of convincing practical evidence, "that the unity in the great verities "of Christianity, and in the work of "saving sinners, is deemed of greater "importance than the small differ- "ences which have kept us so long "apart."

Christian Missions in India.

The great question before the Church to-day is the question of Christian Missions. We believe that the conscience of Christendom is being aroused to the importance of this subject as never before. We believe that we stand on the threshold of a period of greatly quickened interest, and greatly increased zeal and earnestness in this grandest of all causes, and that before the close of the century we shall witness such a missionary revival and such missionary triumphs as we have scarce dreamed of yet.

No field in the world offers grander opportunity for mission-work than British India, and in none have grander results been already accomplished. Here are 240,000,000 of subjects of Queen Victoria, all but a small minority of whom are either Pagan, or Moslem, or Parsee. Beneath the protection of British law, the Christian missionary has as ample liberty of public and private service, of street, bazaar, and house-preaching, as he has in Canada, or in the world. We covet for Canadian Methodism a part in the glorious work for God and for man that is now being wrought, and which shall still more in the near future be wrought, in that land.

The late Missionary Congress in Calcutta has strikingly emphasized this work. The attendance, says the *Indian Witness*, was the largest ever known on a similar occasion, 460 delegates being present. The harmony was unbroken throughout, the papers read were able and instructive, and the discussions spirited and exceedingly interesting. Nearly every speaker seemed animated by a lofty hope, and to be not only resigned to the work which God had given him, but to be happy and trustful in it.

The Conference, although representing so many societies and denominations, was nevertheless the embodiment of the Evangelical force of India. Party names and measures

were hardly mentioned or thought of, and there was a remarkable unanimity of feeling and opinion in all the proceedings. Evangelical Christianity is manifestly a very great power in India, and this Conference was a striking illustration of the fact.

The President thought the hostility of the Moslems and the timidity of the Hindus had been lessened. Education had changed the moral character of the people. He mentioned that in one leper asylum during the year 300 persons had been baptized.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis (Bellary) said statistical tables do not show the ever increasing numbers of heathens trying to lead a better life because of the Christian preaching they had heard. Groups of people believe in Jesus, read the Bible and pray, who dare not come out from their old associations. He knew of twenty persons who met for years to study the Bible alone, and ten of them had been baptized.

The Methodist Episcopal mission in Oudh and Rohhilcund, in a native Christian town of 6,000, has a Sunday-school army of 1,500, of whom two-thirds are non-Christians. At Cawnpore there were 1,000 boys and girls in the Sunday-school, 875 of whom are non-Christians of all castes and classes. These schools were among all classes and they scattered 50,000 religious papers and pictures.

R. Chunder Bose, thought that the Europeans had great prestige among natives and therefore a power which natives do not have, and that he was a minister of civilization as well as of the cross. The missionary should not live like the natives. If he lives among the natives he lives in a moral pest house.

Rev. Mr. Phillips thought the great want of India is preaching. In the large cities too much prominence was given to education.

Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell thought controversial street preaching only safe in the hands of experts. In Western India heathens would sit for hours to listen to declarations of Gospel truth in the form of songs. Processions were coming to be counted of greater value among missionaries.

Rev. J. E. Payne, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta, said: "There is a holy rivalry between Europe and America to get hold of India, and looking over the missionary map, he concluded that the Americans have got hold of all the best positions."

J. L. Phillips (Midnapur) told of a boatman who was earning sixty rupees a month, who was asked if he would preach for five rupees a month, who replied: "No, I can't do it for five rupees, but I can do it for the sake of the Lord Jesus."

Rev. J. Scott (Wesleyan, of Ceylon) said that the average quality of the real Christians in Ceylon, where he labours, is as high as that of any Christians anywhere in the world.

Rev. A. Timpany (Canadian Baptist Church) said that having acquaintance with the remarkable work in Ongole he knew that all worked. Men, women, and even children manifest enthusiasm in working for Jesus. They are a grand Salvation Army down there. Working in the fields, going to their work, they witness for Christ, and invite their unconverted neighbours to seek Christ. He had seen brighter examples of self-denial among the poor Telugee people than in his native land.

Rev. J. Mudge (Methodist) thought the press a means to increase the spirituality of the people. His mission had held large camp-meetings or Christian *melas*. He had just come from one attended by more than one thousand people waiting on God.

Woman's Work in India.

At the above mentioned Conference, Miss Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Lucknow, said: "Woman's work in India, which began with ragged schools and orphanages, now includes zenana teaching, medical missions, boarding schools, normal schools, Sunday-schools, high schools, homes for the homeless, and every department of Christian work found in any land.

"But woman's evangelistic work

is not confined to the zenanas. The working women are the largest class of women in India. Their minds are narrow beyond the power of our imagination to conceive, but they are human; and as they have gone about their lowly tasks there has come to every one of them human sorrow, with its awakenings and questionings, and they have had thoughts of life and death, of sin and responsibility, of destiny and God. One woman of this class, who came a long way to be taught, and who has since taught others, told me that she was first awakened by the single word 'salvation' which caught her ear as she passed a preaching stand in the bazaar."

Miss Greenfield, of the American Presbyterian Mission, Lahore, said: "My sisters, you and I, in all our woman s weakness and conscious insufficiency are here in India to strike the death blow not at the monster's *head* but at his HEART.

"For I believe that the heart of Hinduism is *not* in the mystic teaching of the Vedas or Shasters, but enshrined in the homes, in the family life and hereditary customs of the people—fed, preserved, and perpetuated by the wives and mothers of India. Therefore I say, that the zenana teacher with her constant personal influence on the family life of her people, the lady medical with her double ministry of healing for body and soul, the teacher of girls in Christian and heathen schools, training the future women of India, these all are directing their blows with no uncertain aim at the very hearts of the gigantic forms of ignorance, superstition and heathenism which have long held despotic sway over this vast empire. Let us in our Master's name lay our hand on the hand that rocks the cradle and tune the lips that sing the lullabys. Let us win the mothers of India for Christ and the day will not be long deferred when India's sons also shall be brought to the Redeemer's feet.

"Sister women, what was it that moved you to leave all for Christ and come to India? Was it not the inarticulate cry of the millions of women steeped in blackest depths of sin, ignorance, and misery, and passing through time out into eternity without a single ray of hope from the Sun of Righteousness. The MILLIONS *are in darkness still.* In spite of all the progress of zenana and school work the masses in our cities, and still more the masses in our villages, are *untouched.*"

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SWITZERLAND.

It is an extraordinary circumstance that the Helvetian Republic, which has been for centuries the home of civil and religious liberty—the sanctuary for the oppressed—should be so recreant to its heroic traditions as to become an intolerant persecutor. The land to which the Puritan divines fled from the persecution of "Bloody Mary," and the Huguenots from the persecution of Louis XIV., and which has even offered a refuge to Russian Nihilists and Italian conspirators, exhibits a strange inconsistency in expelling from the Canton of Geneva Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth, two estimable ladies engaged in the evangelistic work of the Salvation Army. We are glad to see that General Booth has appealed to the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to procure the redress of this violation of international law and of personal liberty.

NOTE.—At the time at which we go to press, March 27th, the vote on Methodist Union is as follows:—

	For.	Against.	Tie.
Toronto Conference	210	16	3
London "	206	22	1
Montreal "	107	27	4
N.B.&P.E.I. "	33	9	1
Nova Scotia "	46	1	1
Newfoundland"	3	1	0
Total	605	76	10

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The great question which still absorbs almost universal attention is that of Union. It is surprising with what unanimity the Quarterly Official Meetings in the Western Conferences have accepted the "Basis." The officials in the Maritime Provinces are now considering the subject, and so far they are quite as unanimous as their brethren in the West. It was to be expected that there would be some difference of opinion on many points in the Basis, and the special resolutions which some quarterly meetings adopted will not be unheeded by the first General Conference of the United Church. The laity of the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist Churches have been as unanimous in their approval of the Basis as could reasonably be expected. If the Methodist Episcopal Church laymen adopt the same view of the Basis as the others have done, there is nothing to hinder the amalgamation of the four Methodist bodies of Canada in one Church. So mote it be.

The Rev. Thomas Crosby, of Port Simpson, sends to the mission rooms a most interesting account of a journey which he had recently taken to the Upper Naas. A small church has been built at a salmon fishery, where twelve white men, ten Chinamen, and one hundred Indians are employed. How important to have missionaries visit such promiscuous companies of men! Bro. Crosby had many inconveniences to endure during his trip, such as sleeping out of doors, etc. but he writes in his usual cheerful spirit. Let our readers remember their missionaries in those far-off lands.

A letter is also at hand from the Rev. C. Bryant, Nanaimo, which describes his Sunday labours—which are certainly abundant. He holds service morning and evening in the city, conducts an Indian service at one o'clock, then drives nine miles to a school-house, conducts service, and occasionally leads three or four class and prayer meetings, and visits the Sunday-school in the interval between the services. He keeps the rule "never be unemployed."

From the Saskatchewan District there is a letter from the Rev. J. McLean, who was busy erecting new mission premises at very great expense of labour, as the logs have to be drawn on waggons over forty miles. The mission greatly needs a female teacher, a teacher for the white work, a bell for the school, and $1,000 for buildings. He visits two camps where there are 800 and 400 Indians respectively. If he could have an assistant for the white work he would devote all his time to the Indians.

A letter has been received from Newfoundland detailing the work of the Rev. Samuel Snowdon at Flat Islands, which was certainly not easy. Services were held daily, sometimes preaching, then prayer or class meeting, and by way of variety a temperance address. Long journeys during the day were performed on foot, and several pastoral visits were made. The prospect is cheerless, as the people are oppressed with poverty, and instead of contributing to the support of the missionary he is constrained to minister to their wants. The foregoing notes are taken from the *Outlook* which is worthy of a more extensive patronage from our people.

A late issue of the *Christian Guardian* contains a lengthy letter from the Rev. G. M. Meacham, M.A., missionary in Japan. He is delighted with the arrival of Miss Cartmell,

whom he designates the *avant coureur* of the Woman's Mission. He also states that Bro. Eby and others have been delivering a series of lectures on the relations of Christianity with civilization, science, ethics, history, and other religions. Bro. Eby's lecture was delivered both in English and Japanese. Great good is anticipated from the course of lectures. Mr. Meacham describes a temple near his residence which cost $200,000, and the party that now holds it is bitterly opposed to Christianity; he is, however, hoping that these temples will soon be used to a better purpose, as Christianity is spreading rapidly in Japan.

From another source we copy the following, which shows the rapid progress of Christianity in Japan. A number of Japanese Christians have presented a formal and earnest appeal to the agent of the American Bible Society to be allowed an active part in the work of translating the Old Testament. They speak of the translation of the Bible as a great work and far reaching in its consequences; of the blessings which had come to them through the New Testament, which had been already published and widely circulated; of the severe ills which would ensue if the remaining work were not wisely done, and of the want of uniformity in style, which would be sure to mark a translation which was produced by the labours of many different scholars working apart. They therefore submit a plan, the substance of which is as follows:—1. That the whole work be given to one Translating Committee instead of the different books to individual translators. 2. That the committee be composed of eight members, four of whom shall be foreigners and four Japanese. 3. That the Japanese members be chosen by Japanese Christians. 4. That the foreigners and Japanese members have equal rights in voting. 5. That means be furnished to enable the members to devote their whole time to the work.

The various Bible societies now represented in Japan make it a rule never to give away the Scriptures. They have sold together 115,000 copies during the past year. It is stated that at Kioto a single copy of St. John's Gospel led sixty families to renounce idolatry, and that mass-meetings for prayer have been held in Japan, when in one case more than 3,500, and in another 7,000 persons were present.

Memorial Hall in connection with Allison Institution is expected to be completed by December. Our brethren in the East mean business.

Recent issues of the *Wesleyan* contain gratifying accounts of revivals in various places in the Maritime provinces. A new church has also been dedicated at Baie Verte, in the New Brunswick conference, which cost $5,000.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The annual meeting of the Book Committee was recently held in New York, when it was found that the profits of the Book Concern for the past year were $69,064.85, Western Book Concern $25,466.13, total $94,530.98. The Book Concern was commenced in 1789 with a capital of $600, which has now grown to $1,417,847.28. The New York Concern has sold books and periodicals amounting to $852,719.16, that at Cincinnati $714,020.02, being $1,566,739.98 for the year.

A large Missionary Conference was recently held at Calcutta, India, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was attended by 400 missionaries from all parts of India. A daily edition of the *Indian Witness* was published during the sessions. The Methodist missionaries did the reporting. No former conference ever held was equal to this. Papers were read by ladies as well as others, and the discussions were earnest and christian. The friends of missions feel much encouraged.

The total amount raised for missions last year by the M. E. Church was $91,666.01; increase for the year $66,000.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A grand movement is now being made towards the erection of an

Anglo-Chinese University. Seven Conferences have contributed $15,-800.

Earnest applications are made to the Mission Board for aid to the missions in China, Brazil, and Mexico. Help is also greatly needed in the Indian missions. Dr. Haygood is of opinion that the Church should raise a million dollars in two years for educational and missionary purposes. The field is immense, and most encouraging reports are being received by the Secretary from all parts thereof.

The Missionary Secretary, Dr. Kelly, recommends the following as the missionary goal of this quadrennium : "A sermon on missions once a quarter in every charge." "A concert of prayer for missions once a month in every charge." "A contribution for missions from every member of the Church." "An average of one dollar per member for missions from the whole Church." "A universal conscience upon the part of preachers and people that the assessment is the least amount to be collected under the most adverse circumstances." "The erasure of the word Deficiency from the head of the column in Conference reports, and its replacement with the word Excess." "To double missionaries in the field." "Twenty thousand souls for Christ from the regions beyond."

Mr. James McLaren, of Buckingham, Quebec, brother of Professor McLaren, of Toronto, has subscribed $50,000 of the $200,000 asked to further endow Knox College.

A Russian lady has just bestowed 50,000 roubles upon her countrywomen, to be applied to giving medical training to those desirous of becoming physicians.

It is said that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Manchester, England, has ordered that the married male Catholics shall pay $2 per year, and the young men $1, until the debt of $300,000 on Notre Dame Cathedral is wiped out.

Mrs. W. E. Dodge, of New York, has lately given $2,000 to the Mills Seminary, of California, to found a scholarship for the daughters of clergymen, those of missionaries to have the preference.

The Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, in Baltimore, has honoured itself in caring for the children of the Rev. Thomas Guard, who died as its pastor. The church has assumed the care and education of the seven orphans,—now bereft of father and mother.

Rev. Mr. Pond, Superintendent of the Chinese work at San Francisco, under the supervision of the American Board, has organized 15 schools with 31 teachers and 2,257 scholars. He reports 431 hopeful conversions since the beginning of the work.

Chicago Methodist city missions are doing good work. The report tells of 7 churches valued at $25,700, 2,785 Sunday-school scholars,a membership of 502 with 177 probationers, 600 people in the forenoon and 994 at night on Sunday. Dr. Willing and his corps of helpers are doing earnest evangelical work.

The native Christians in Cairo held a daily prayer-meeting during all the excitement and perils of the late war in Egypt.

An American exchange says: Our Indian population is increasing, not diminishing. Not including Alaska, the number of Indians in the United States is 261,851, nearly all of them being distributed among the sixty-eight agencies. The "poor savage" is not likely to die out; on the contrary the increase of Indian population is about 1,000 annually. Let the twaddle about the "perishing race" be stopped, and in its place give us something about the education of the savages. Last year 8,508 of them were at school, and if Secretary Teller's recommendation of an appropriation of five or six million dollars a year for a few years to establish Indian schools were adopted the number would soon be ten times as great.

The latest news from the Church mission in Uganda, Central Africa, states that there have been five baptisms, and that the translation of the Scriptures is going on rapidly. It would appear that peace and prosperity had finally come to this severely persecuted misson.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Celestial Symbol Interpreted; or, the *Natural Wonders and Spiritual Teachings of the Sun.* By the Rev. HERBERT MORRIS, D.D. 8vo., pp. 704. Price, cloth, $4.00. Philadelphia: J. C. McCurdy & Co.

One of the noblest departments of Christian Evidences, as is shown by Dr. Dawson in the current number of this Magazine, is that which sets forth the manifold harmonies between science and religion and revelation. The present volume is one which illustrates these harmonies in a somewhat novel manner, and with more elaborate detail than we have elsewhere seen. The learned author is already favourably known by his former volumes on "Science and the Bible," "The Testimony of the Ages to the Truths of Scripture," etc. With full mastery of the scientific aspects of the subject, he gives a clear account of all that is at present known of the constitution and chemical and mechanical efficiency of the central body of the solar system. The wonders of the spectroscope, the phenomena of sun spots, sun storms, eclipses, mock suns, parahelia, etc., the actinic and electric effects of the sun's rays, the mechanical and physiological laws of light and sight, the relations of the sun to the other bodies of the universe, the unsolved problem of the sun's heat, tides, storms, the climatic and magnetic influence of the sun—these open a field of fascinating inquiry, and are treated in a conspicuously clear and interesting manner. The book, however, is not intended merely to teach science, but also to illustrate and enforce religious truth. We regard this portion of the book as less satisfactory than the strictly scientific portion. However wise and proper it may be to trace the symbolism of the spiritual in the natural, it is scarcely possible to avoid at times straining the analogies. That our author has, in our opinion, at times done this, is we think inseparable from such extended treatment of the subject. We can, however, cordially commend the book for its religious orthodoxy and scientific accuracy. Many of its fifty-eight illustrations are of much value—as, for instance, the coloured plates illustrating analysis by spectra, and showing, by Fraunhoffer's lines, the existence of the metals and gases belonging to the earth in the atmosphere of the sun and fixed stars; also the plates showing the tremendous sun-storms, protuberances, and other startling phenomena observed in the solar orb. This subject has more than the fascination of romance yet all the certitude of scientific demonstration.

Bone et Fidelis. A poem. Pp. 78. London: Elliot Stock.

This volume presents the first instance, so far as we are aware, in which the life and labours of a Methodist preacher, and the peculiar institutions and usages of Methodism, are made the subject of an epic poem. In these pages a loving son pays his filial tribute to an honoured father—a "good and faithful servant" of the Heavenly Master. He traces in memorial verse his early life, his conversion, his student days at "the Institution," circuit life, the class meeting, missionary meeting, Conference, the home, the Supernumerary, etc. The merit of the poem will be shown by a few extracts:

I falter. Ah! I cannot sing,
Though to his memory I cling;
I am not fit a flower to fling
Upon his grave! yet faltering
Euge, serve bone.

I fain would strive to lay my wreath
Where those who loved him less did place
Their flowers—upoh the clay of death.
Euge, serve bone.

To the local preacher a fine tribute is paid—

A peasant labourer—yet God's elect.

The element of romance is introduced in the episode entitled "The Garden of Love," where we read of

The Circuit Steward's daughter, blithe and fair,
Who loves her God the more whilst loving him.

The circuit gig is duly celebrated and circuit life described. In Conference our hero takes his humble part,

Nor strives with o'er much speaking to be great.

A fine tribute is paid to the lamented Dr. Punshon.

His tongue is golden, and his jewelled words
Rival the euphony of singing birds;
And sparkle with the splendour of a gem
On the king's finger or his diadem.

Hand-Book of Literature, English and American. Historical and Critical, with illustrations of the writings of each successive period. By ESTHER J. TRIMBLE, late professor of Literature in the State Normal school, West Chester, Pa. Pp. 518. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

No story is more fascinating and instructive than that of our noble English Literature. That literature is a growth, an organic whole, and therefore should be studied from a historic point of view. This can only be done under competent guidance, or else one will only be bewildered by the vastness of the subject and the multitude of its details. Hence the great value of such a guide as Miss Trimble's admirable hand-book. She classifies nearly a thousand writers, to whom she refers, into groups—as the Age of Chaucer, Revival of Learning, the Elizabethan, Puritan, Restoration, Victorian Period, etc.,—of which the characteristics and relations can thus be studied and mastered. First is given a characterization of each period; then a brief sketch and criticism of its great writers, historians, theologians, etc; then, in smaller type, illustrative extracts from their works, and a syllabus of the preceding section. Special prominence is given to the greater writers who have already taken their places as the classics of English literature, and the host of minor and more recent writers are more briefly characterized. Each section has a vignette portrait of its leading author. American literature is more fully treated than in most similar books, but not disproportionately. In so vast a field there must of course be some omissions. In the account of John Wesley, for instance, the author mentions his 40,000 sermons and 300,000 miles of travel, but the writings to which she refers do not adequately represent his literary labours. We cordially recommend this book, not only as a valuable help to the study of our noble literature, but as a choice selection of its finest gems.

Building the Nation. Events in the History of the United States from the Revolution to the Beginning of the War between the States. By CHAS. CARLETON COFFIN. 8vo., pp. 484. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $3.50.

We had the pleasure of recently reviewing, in these pages, Coffin's "New Way Around the World," one of the best books of travel ever written. The present volume is marked by the same clear, lucid style and picturesque descriptions. It is the fourth of a very successful series, describing the old colonial days, the Revolutionary War, and the later history of the United States. The earlier part of this volume describes the first years of the constitution, and the reciprocal influence of France and the young Republic of the West upon each. The contrasted stories of the two Revolutions, that in France and that in America, are very instructive.

The account of the War of 1812-15 will be pleasanter reading to American than to Canadian youth. It is told without bitterness, but not with-

out manifest bias toward the author's own country. Nevertheless our General Brock gets his due meed of praise. The story of the burning of Washington is not one of which we Canadians are proud, but the stern deed was a retaliation for the still more barbarous burning of York (Toronto) and Niagara.

For the remaining part of this book we have only words of praise; the account of the religious and moral forces which assisted in "building the nation,"—the rise of Methodism (good portraits of Barbara Heek and Francis Ashbury and a picture of the first Methodist Church in New York are given), the growth of common schools and colleges, the progress of the temperance reform, of anti-slavery sentiment (the story of the underground railway is graphically told), the progress of invention, of literature and science, the diffusion of intelligence, the rising of a higher civilization,—these are the vital elements of national greatness which are too often omitted in writing a nation's history. The illustrations, 345 in number, are selected from the ample resources of this great house, and most of them are of unsurpassed excellence.

The Burgomaster's Wife. By GEO. EBERS; from the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Pp. 351. Price 75 cents.

A Word, Only A Word. Pp. 299, and *Homo Sum.* Same author and publisher, and same price.

It is rarely that such profound learning and such imaginative power are found in the same person as are combined in Dr. George Ebers, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig. Ebers is, unquestionably, the first Egyptologist living. His great book on Egypt completely supersedes Champollion, Wilkinson, Lane, and every other book that we know on the subject. Comparatively few can afford these costly volumes, so for the benefit of the reading million he has told, we presume, all that he knows about Egypt in a series of historical tales. "Uarda" (2 vols.), "An Egyptian Princess" (2 vols. with over 500 historical and critical notes), "The Sisters" (1 vol.). In the books above mentioned the learned author comes down to more recent times. In *Homo Sum*, indeed, he treats a transition epoch, the fourth century of the Christian era, and gives a graphic picture of the life of the eremite or desert saints of the peninsula of Sinai. The opening chapters remind one somewhat of Kingsley's "Hypatia." Beneath the monk's coarse hair-shirt throbbed the deep primal instincts of humanity, and the author shows in his graphic tale the intense humanness of the desert monks.

Only a Word is a tale of later times—the period of the stern and truculent Philip II. It describes the career of a wandering artist, subsequently a military adventurer, in Madrid, Venice, Rome, and at the battle of Lepanto and Siege of Antwerp. It is full of life and movement, and vivid battle scenes, but lacks the unity and high moral purpose of the following volume.

The Burgomaster's Wife one of the most characteristic, and most interesting and instructive of this author's works. Egyptian life and thought and religion are remote from our sympathies, but the heroic story of the struggle of Holland for civil and religious liberty against the stern oppression of Philip II. still stirs the blood like the peal of a trumpet. The whole interest centres in the siege of Leyden, the brave Protestant city—sublime in its despair—the most heroic defence recorded in the annals of history. Motley has made us familiar with the story of this most striking episode in the great duel between William the Silent and Philip the Grim, but it does not come home to our imagination and sympathies as in the graphic pages of Ebers. In these we seem to share the sufferings of the beleagured and famishing townsfolk. We see the stern burgomaster —stern as iron to his country's enemies—melted into an agony of tears as he sees his little child perishing of hunger. When heart and

hope have failed, and the people can no longer procure grass and nettles to eat, and he is about to yield and treat with the Spaniards, his brave-souled wife inspires him to still further resistance, and after ten direful months of siege the dykes are broken, the relieving fleet sails over submerged meadows and orchards, and food—abundant food—is thrown into the starving city. Then they move by a common impulse to the church, where the burgomaster's tomb is still seen ; but the hymn of thanksgiving into which they burst is soon choked with tears.

William Gottsberger is the authorized publisher in America of Ebers' works. They are issued in cheap and elegant style.

Universalism Against Itself. A Scripture Analysis of the Doctrine. By A. WILFORD HALL, PH. D. Pp. 330. New York : Hall & Co.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a work which has been for some time before the world, and of which over 40,000 copies were sold by the Methodist Book Concern —a pretty good proof of its merit. We do not know that Universalism is to any great extent prevalent in Canada, but if it were we judge this volume an admirable antidote to that dangerous heresy. The author critically examines forty-four principal proof-tests supposed to favour Universalism, and shows the utter fallacy of that interpretation. To the volume are added two valuable essays—"The Immortality of the Soul Philosophically Demonstrated," and "Does Death End All?"

Tokio Lectures : I. Christianity and Civilization, with a Prelude on the Antiquity of Man. By the Rev. C. S. EBY, M.A.

A scheme of public lectures on the rational basis of Christianity has been proposed by the Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., the accomplished missionary of our Church in Japan. The lectures will deal with the social, political, historical, scientific and ethical relations of Christianity and its comparison with other religions. While designed specially for the educated Japanese public, they are given also in English for the benefit of the foreign residents. The first of these lectures is before us—a well printed pamphlet of 53 pages. The Hon. J. A. Bingham, United States Minister in Japan, introduced the lecturer in an excellent address. It is a significant circumstance that the great scientific and religious questions of the day are profoundly agitating the minds of the Japanese, and it is a wise and fitting thing not to ignore, but to calmly discuss these questions as is here done. In his prelude Mr. Eby deals some hard blows at the alleged antiquity of man, and in his able lecture he shows that the potential principle of modern civilization is its essentially Christian character.

The Gospel according to Moses : or, The Import of the Ancient Jewish Service. By the Rev. W. W. WASHBURN, A.M. Cincinnati : Walden & Stowe.

In these instructive pages, Mr. Washburn, who is a member of the Detroit Conference, traces the idea of Sacrifice through the Mosaic writings from that of Abel and of the patriarchal times, and points out the distinctive features and religious symbolism of the different varieties of sacrifice of the Levitical economy. The key of their meaning is the word Atonement—atonement by substitution, pointing to the One Great Sacrifice of the New Covenant. In brief space this important subject is ably treated.

Traits of Representative Men. By GEORGE W. BUNGAY. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Fowler & Wells.

George Bungay is well known as the author of several successful books such as "Off-Hand Takings," "Crayon Portraits," and "Pen Sketches," and of many clever poems, including the popular "Creeds of the Bells." These are not finished biographical studies, but rapid sketches of some thirty-five of the more prominent "men of the time," about whom we have all heard and have a curiosity to hear more. Mr. Bungay's style is somewhat florid, but he has

furnished a very readable book, full of anecdote, pleasant gossip, and characteristic quotations from the writings of his representative men. Among the subjects treated are, Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Dr. John Hall, Longfellow, Evarts, Cyrus Field, Emerson, Fred. Douglas, Dr. Deems, Prof. Swing, Edward Eggleston, Grant, &c.; from Canada, Sir John A Macdonald and Bishop Lewis. Among the most striking features of the book are thirty-five portraits—most of them very good—giving us the outward semblance of the men described.

Personality: Human and Divine. By the REV. WM. OLSSON, LL.D. pp. 117. New York: Thos. Whittaker. Price 75c.

This is a thoughtful treatise upon some of the profoundest problems of Christian philosophy — Human personality, the personality of God, and the tri-personality of God. We recommend the book to persons having mental difficulties on these subjects.

Introductory Lessons in Drawing and Painting in Water Colours. By MARION KEMBLE. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co. Price, 50 cts.

Art Needlework for Decorative Embroidery. By LUCRETIA P. HALE. Same publisher and same price.

No accomplishment is at once a source of such pleasure to one's self and to others as that of drawing and painting. Yet many are deterred from acquiring it for lack of a teacher. That lack is supplied by the first of these pamphlets, which gives ample and plain directions to beginners in this fascinating art, by following which the young artist will be prepared to attempt more difficult designs. Nothing will so cultivate the eye and hand, the powers of observation, and love of the beautiful, as learning to draw.

The second pamphlet gives plain instructions for decorative needlework, which is so popular, and is taking the place of the tedious art caricatures that too long afflicted humanity.

Historical Epochs, with System of Mnemonics. By E. A. FITZSIMON. Same publishers.

Anything that will enable one to remember dates will greatly facilitate the study of history, chronology, and biography. Such a system is here presented by an ingenious substitution of letters for figures, whereby the dates may be expressed by mnemonic words. It is easily learned, and the author avouches will save nine-tenths of the time required for learning dates. A table of the principal events in the history of the world is also given.

The same publishers also issue an illustrated guide book to Saratoga, giving every information that visitors can desire. It is also a pleasing *souvenir* of that pleasure-city.

The Gift of the Holy Ghost and How It May Be Obtained, is the title of an excellent little pamphlet on a most important subject. It was read before a Revival Conference at Detroit, Michigan, and made such a favourable impression that its publication was requested. Its wide circulation cannot fail to do good. Published by W. C. Palmer, Bible House, New York. It is written, we omitted to say, by our old friend the Rev. Dr. Poole, late of this city.

A new volume on the State of New York has just been issued, which should be in the hands of every one interested in the Empire State, also in every public and private library. It embraces historical, descriptive, and statistical notices of cities, towns, villages, industries, and summer resorts in the various parts of the State, together with a complete list of the post-offices, counties, and county towns, lakes, rivers, railroads, &c., and is embellished with 200 fine wood-engravings, illustrating almost every point of interest. No book has yet been published on New York State, so picturesque as this, and containing so much information of a general and practical use. The get-up of the book is all that could be desired. The size is octavo, and it is printed on tinted paper and bound in blue cloth and gold, top edges gilt, and published at the low price of $1.50. The compiler, editor, and publisher of the book is Henry Kollock, office, 22 Vesey street, New York City.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.